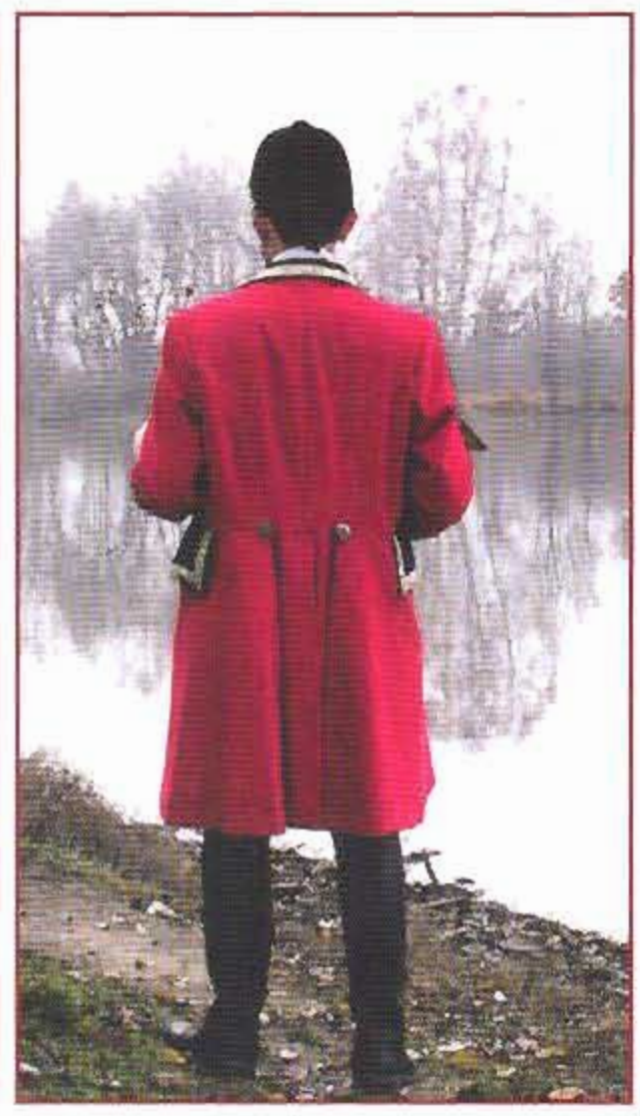
GENESIS



FOXTROT

COMPLETE PIANO VOCAL SCORE

RUGGINENTI

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Watcher of the skies

T. Banks, P. Collins
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Moderato ♩= 50

(Organ) *mf*

f

mf

freely

f

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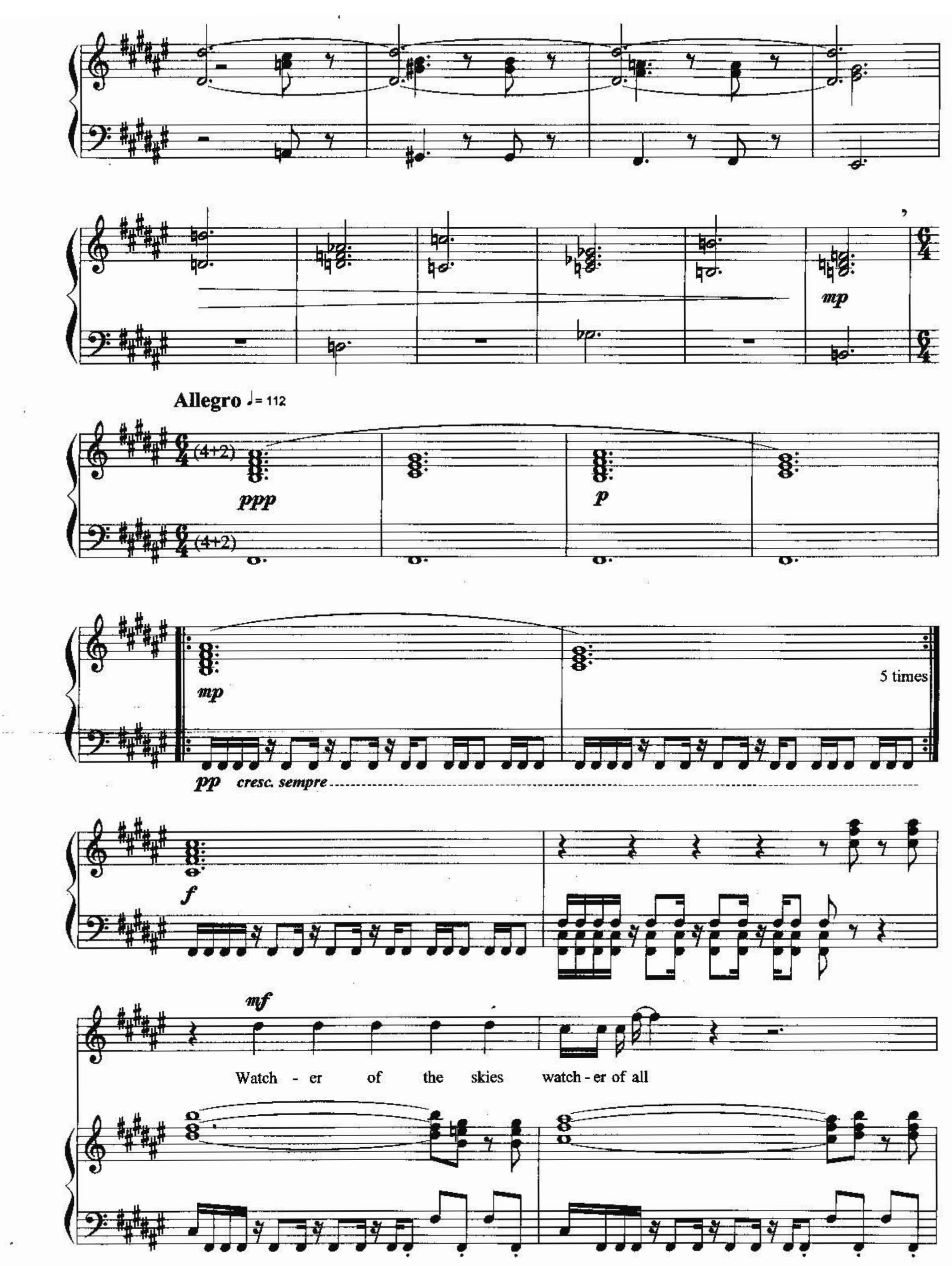

mp
Allegro ♩= 112
(4+2)
ppp
p
mp
5 times
pp cresc. sempre
f
mf
Watch - er of the skies watch - er of all

His is a world a-lone no world is his own

He whom life can no lon-ger sur-prise

Rai-sing his eyes be-holds a planet un-known

f

p

p

p

Crea - tures shaped this

pla - net so - il

Now their reign has come to end

2nd time only

2nd time only

mp

Has life a - gain de - stro - yed life,

f

Do they play else - where, do they know more then their child - hood

f

games?

f

May - be the li - zar'd shed its tail

mf

This is the end of man's long u-nionwith earth

mf

cresc

f

Judge not this race by e - mpty re -mains. D'you judge God by his crea - tures

f

when they're dead? For now the li - zard's shed his tail

mf

This is the end of man's long u - nion with earth

1.

2.

fate is your own.

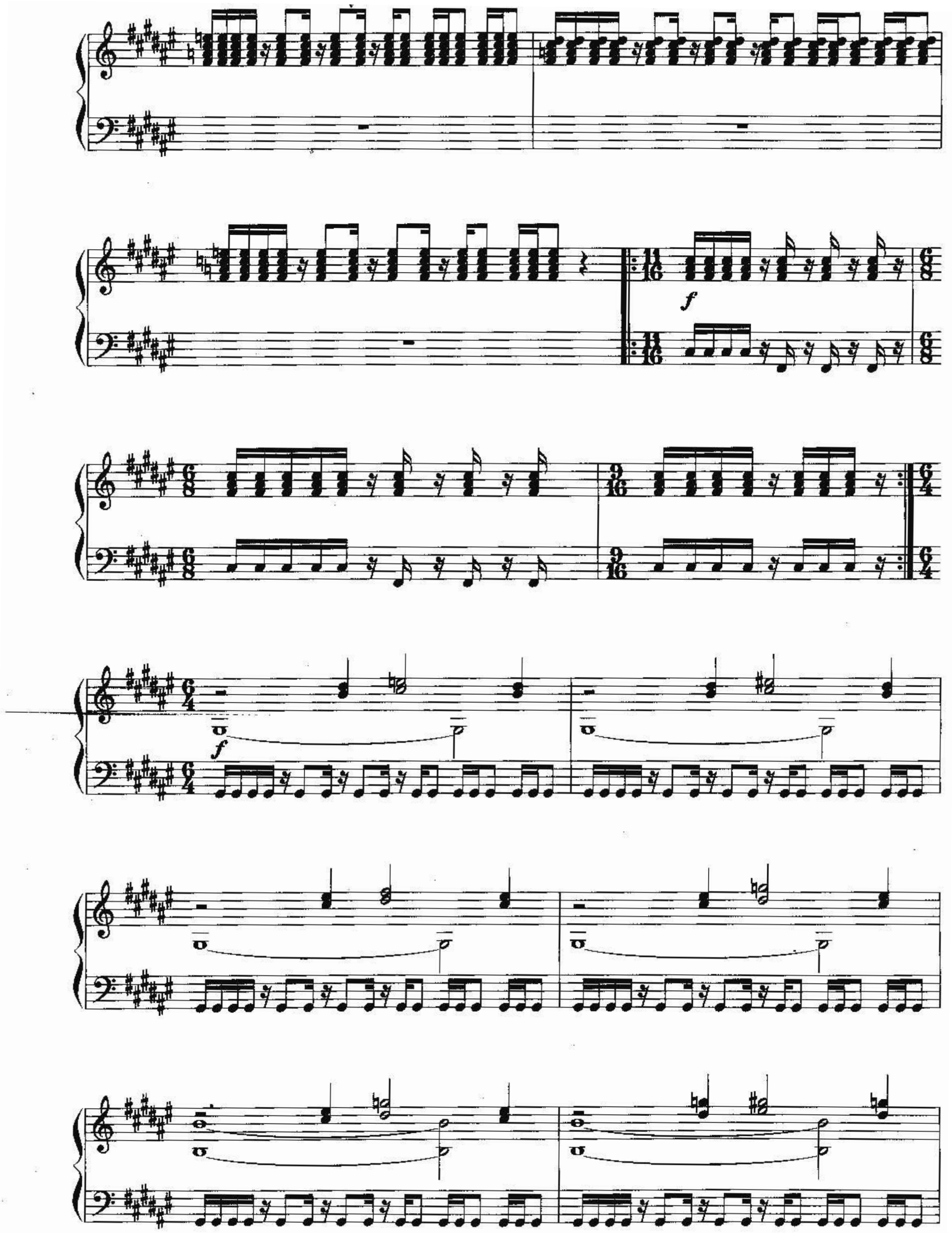
f

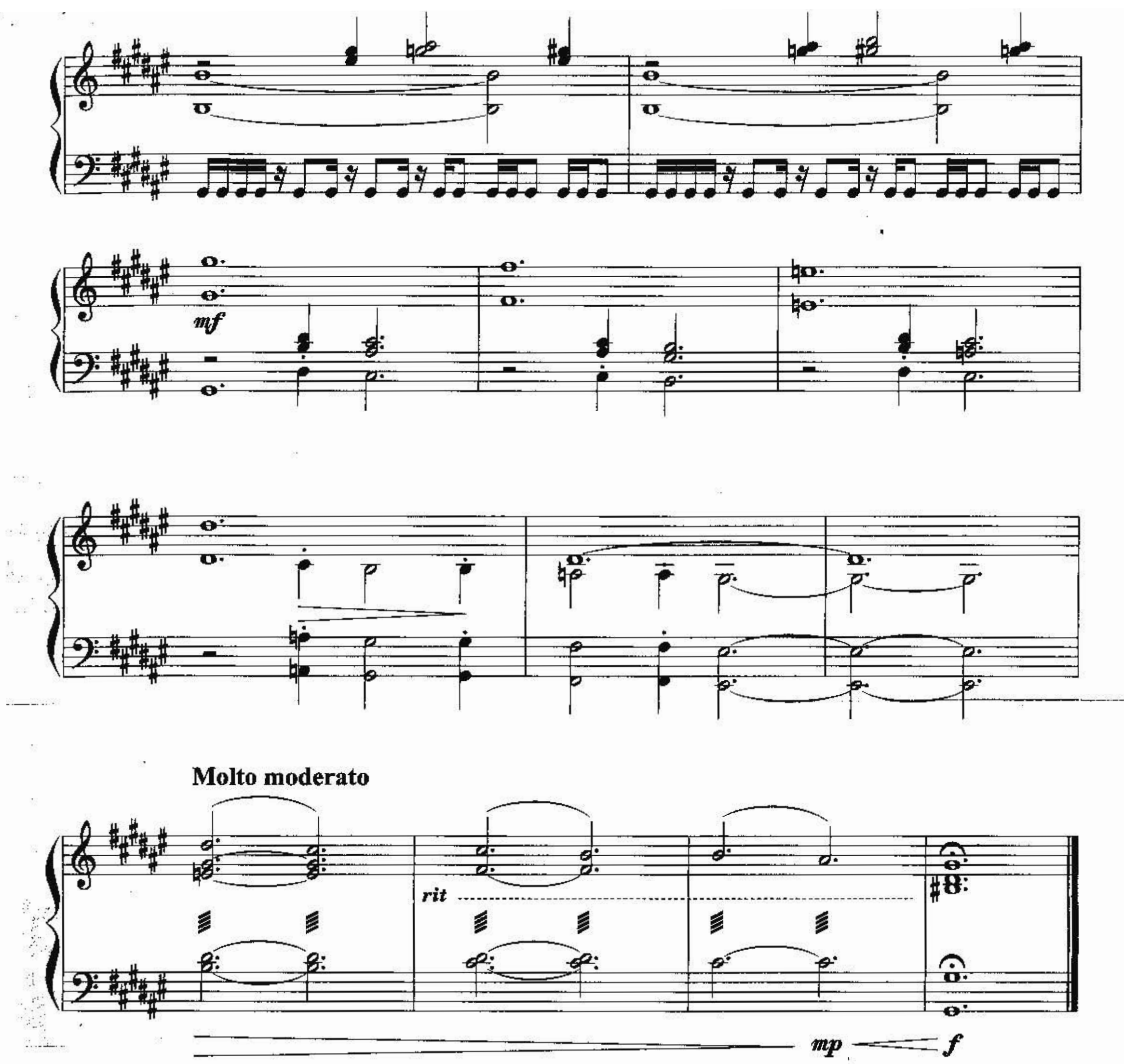
f

pp

f

pp


f
f



From life alone to life as one,
Think not now your journey's done
For though your ship be sturdy
No mercy has the sea,
Will you survive on the ocean of being?

Come ancient children, hear what I say!
This is my parting council for you on your way

Sadly now your thoughts turn to the stars
Where we have gone you know you never can go
Watcher of the skies, watcher of all
This is your fate alone, this fate is your own.

Time Table

T. Banks, P. Collins,
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Andantino ♩= 84

mp

Rit.

a Tempo

mp

A carved oak ta-ble tells a tale of times when kings and queens sipped

mf

1.

wi - ne from go - blets gold, and the braves would lead their la - dies from out the room

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to ar - bours cool.

2.

mf

And the days knew on - ly

strife to tell right from wrong through lance and sword.

8

f

Why, why can we ne - ver be sure till we die, or have killed for an an

f

- swer Why, why do we suf - fer each race to believe

that no race has been gran - der

p

It seems be - cause through

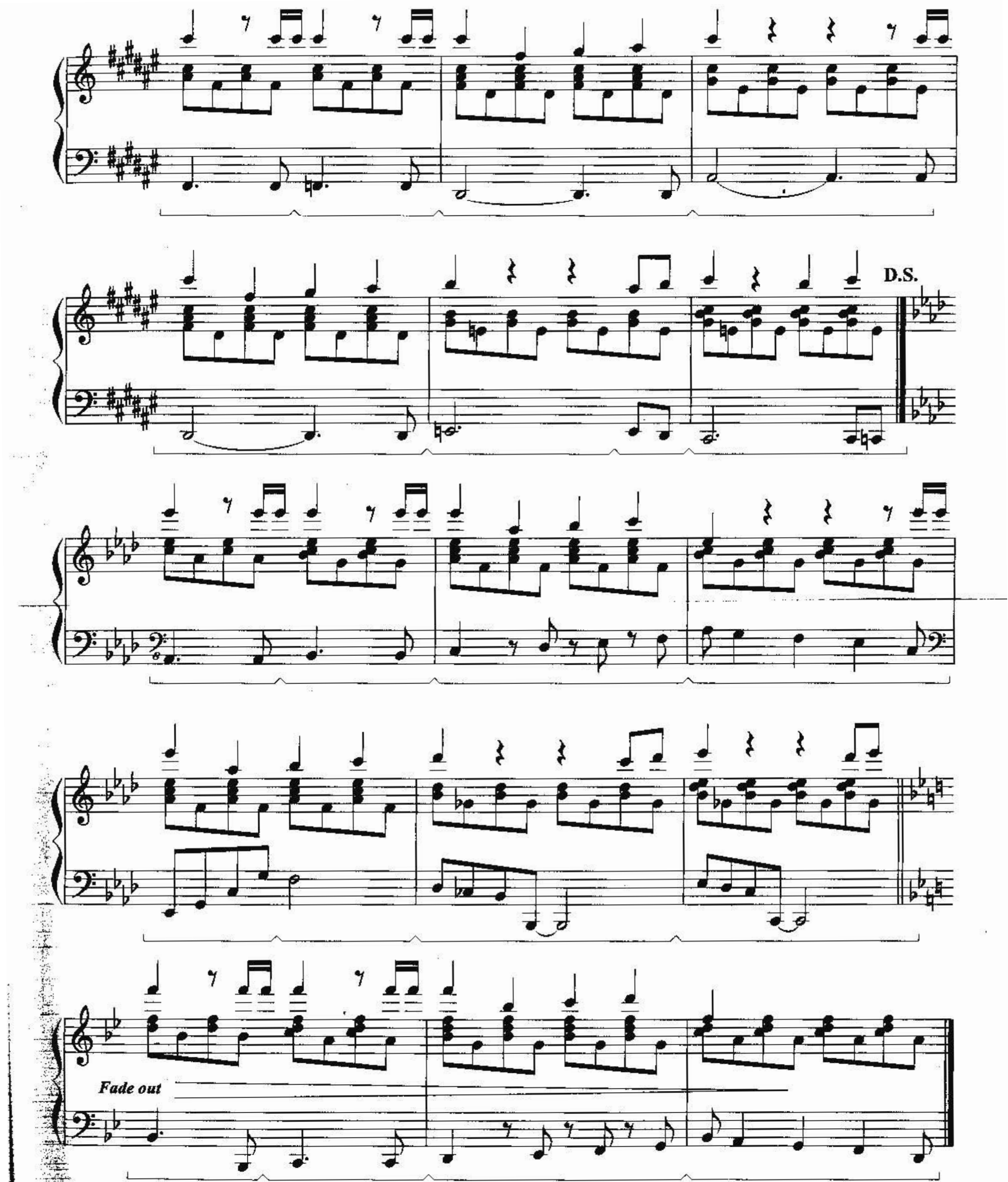
p

time _____ and space Though names may change each face re-

tains the mask it wore.

(El. piano)

mf



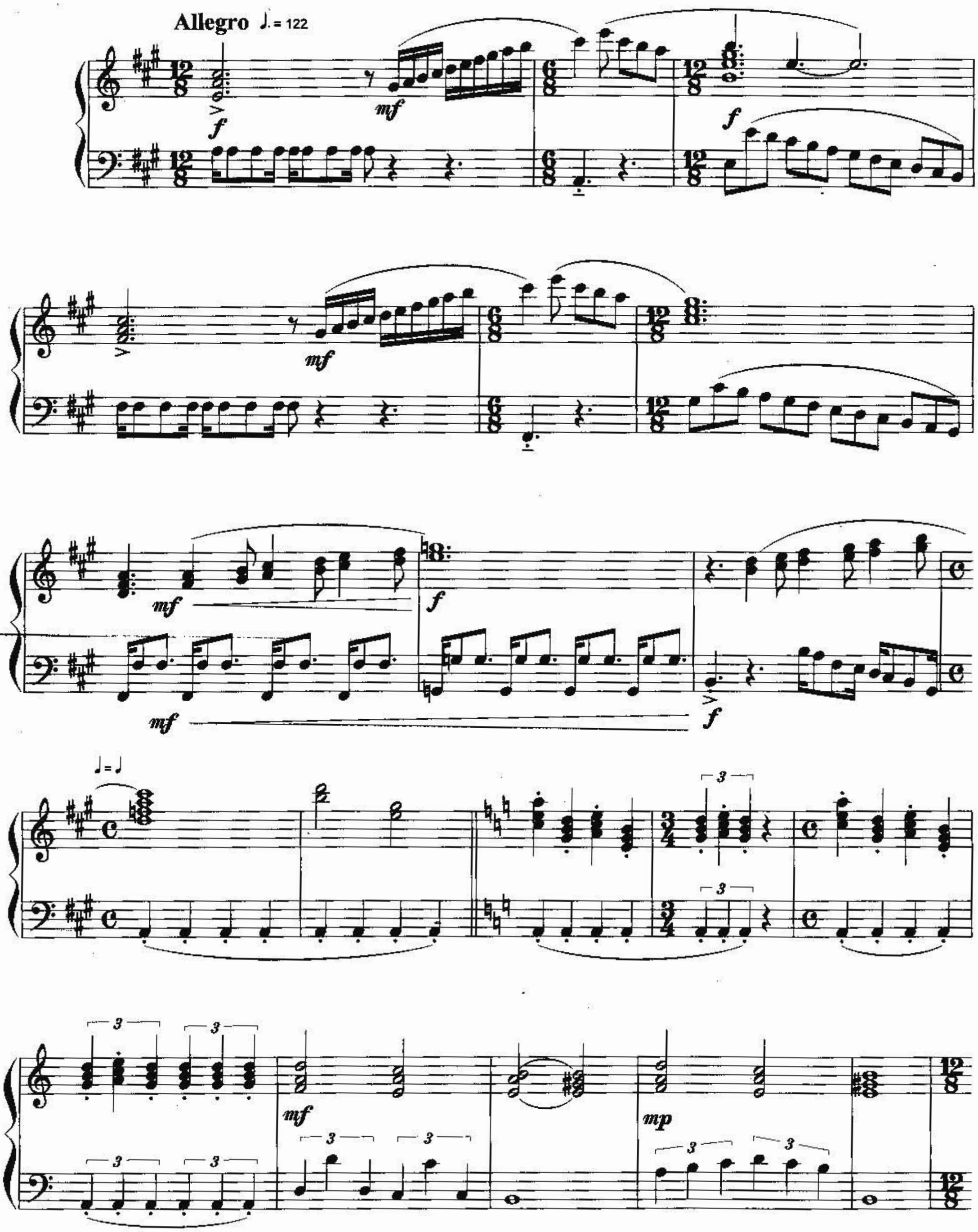
A time of valour, and
legends born
A time when honour meant
much more to a man than life

A dusty table, musty smells
Tarnished silver lies discarded upon the floor
Only feeble light descends through a film of gray
That scars the panes.

Gone the carving, and those who left their mark,
Gone the kings and queens now only the rats hold sway
And the weak must die according to nature's law
As old as they.

Get'em out by Friday

Tony Banks, Phil Collins
Peter Gabriel, Steve Hackett
Mike Rutherford



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f

Get 'em out by Fri - day! You don't get paid till the last one's well

f

on his way. Get 'em out by Fri - day! It's im - por - tant that

we keep to sche- dule, there must be no de - lay

mf

(Guitar)

mf

mf

I re- pre- sent a firm of gen- tle- men who re- cen- tly pur- chased this

mp

house and all the o- thers in the road. In the in- terest of hu- ma- ni- ty we've

p

found a bet- ter place for you to go go- woh, go- woh.

p

Oh _____ no This I can't be- lieve

mp

Oh, Ma - ry they're a - sking us to lea-

- ve Get 'em out by Fri - day! I've told you be - fore

's good many gone if we let them stay. And if it isn't e - asy

we can squeeze a lit-tle grease and all our trou - bles will soon run a - way

mf

mp

pp (Mellotron)

mf

mp

A - fter all this time they ask us to leave

And I told them we could pay dou - ble the

mf

rent. I don't know why

it seemed so fun - ny,

1.

Seeing as how they'd take more mo - ney

2.

f

Now we've got them! I've al- ways said that cash, cash, cash, can do a

f

- ny-thing well. Work can be re- ward - ing when a flash of in- tu - i

- tion is a gift that helps you ex - cell sell sell sell

mp

mf

mf

mf

Here we are in Har-low New Town did you re-co-gnize your block a-cross the square o-ver

there. Sad-ly since last time we spoke we've found we've had to raise the rent a-

p

gain just a bit. Oh, no!

mp

This I can't be-lieve. Oh,

Ma - ry, and we a - greed to lea - ve.

(Guitar)

mf

bend

f

mp

mf

Andante

p

mf

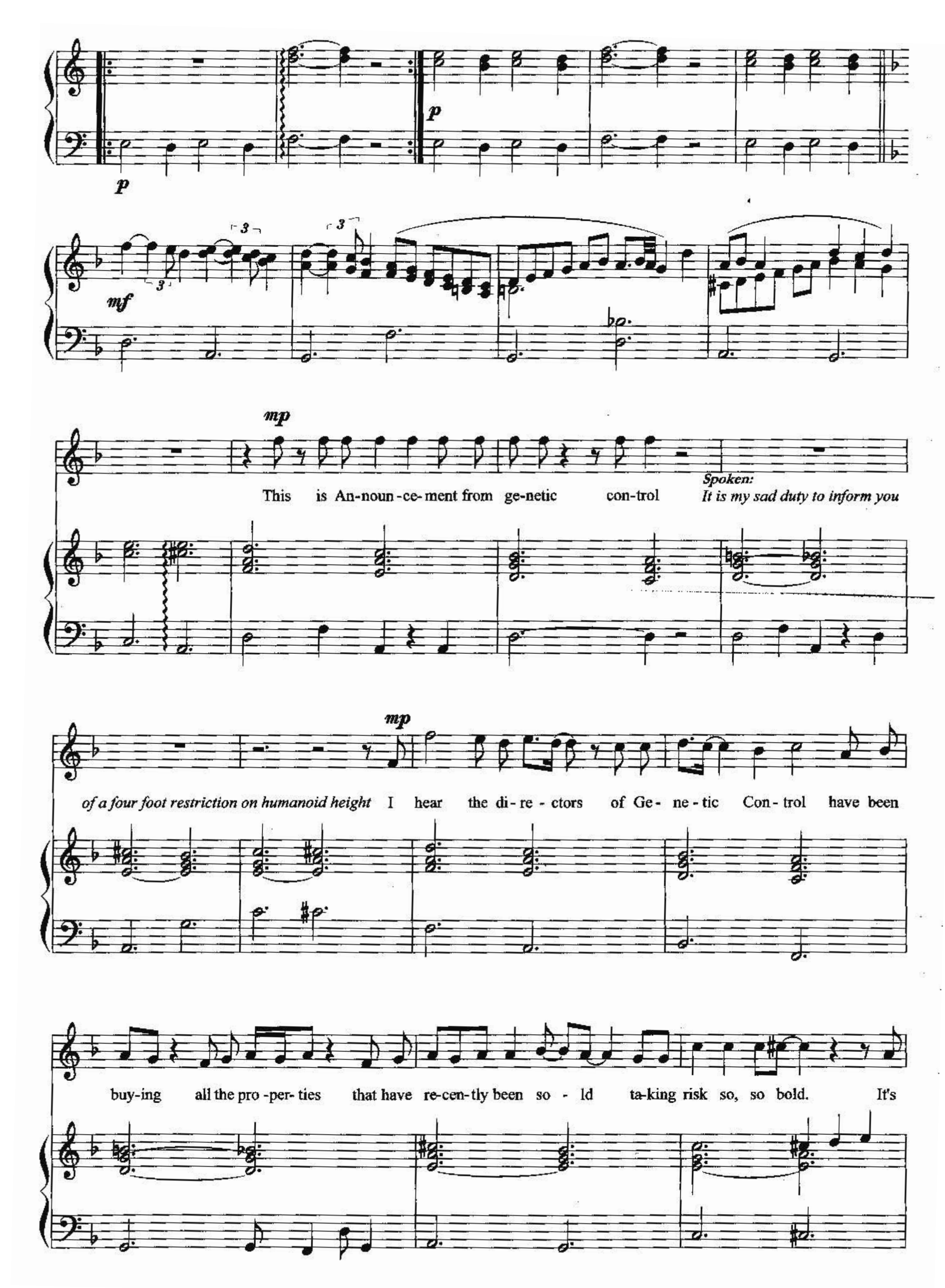
mp

(Mellotron)

p

(Flute)

mf


p
p
mf
mp
This is An-noun-ce-ment from ge-netic con-trol
Spoken:
It is my sad duty to inform you
mp
of a four foot restriction on humanoid height I hear the di-re-ctors of Ge-ne-tic Con-trol have been
buy-ing all the pro-per-ties that have re-cen-tly been so-ld ta-king risk so, so bold. It's

said now the peo-ple will be shor-ter in height they can fit twice as ma-ny in the

same buil-ding si - te. They say it's al - right. Be- gin – ning with the te-nants of the

mf

town of Har - low in the in-terest of hu-ma-ni-ty they've been told they must go——

told they must go, go, go, go——

mp

mf

f **Tempo**

I think I've fixed a new deal.

f

A do-zen pro- per-ties we'll buy at five and sell at thir-ty - four.

Some are still in-ha-bi-ted. It's time to send the win - kler to see them. He'll

have to work some more.

mp

mf

With

ff

land in your hand you'll be hap - py on - e - arth. Then in -

mf

Molto moderato

f

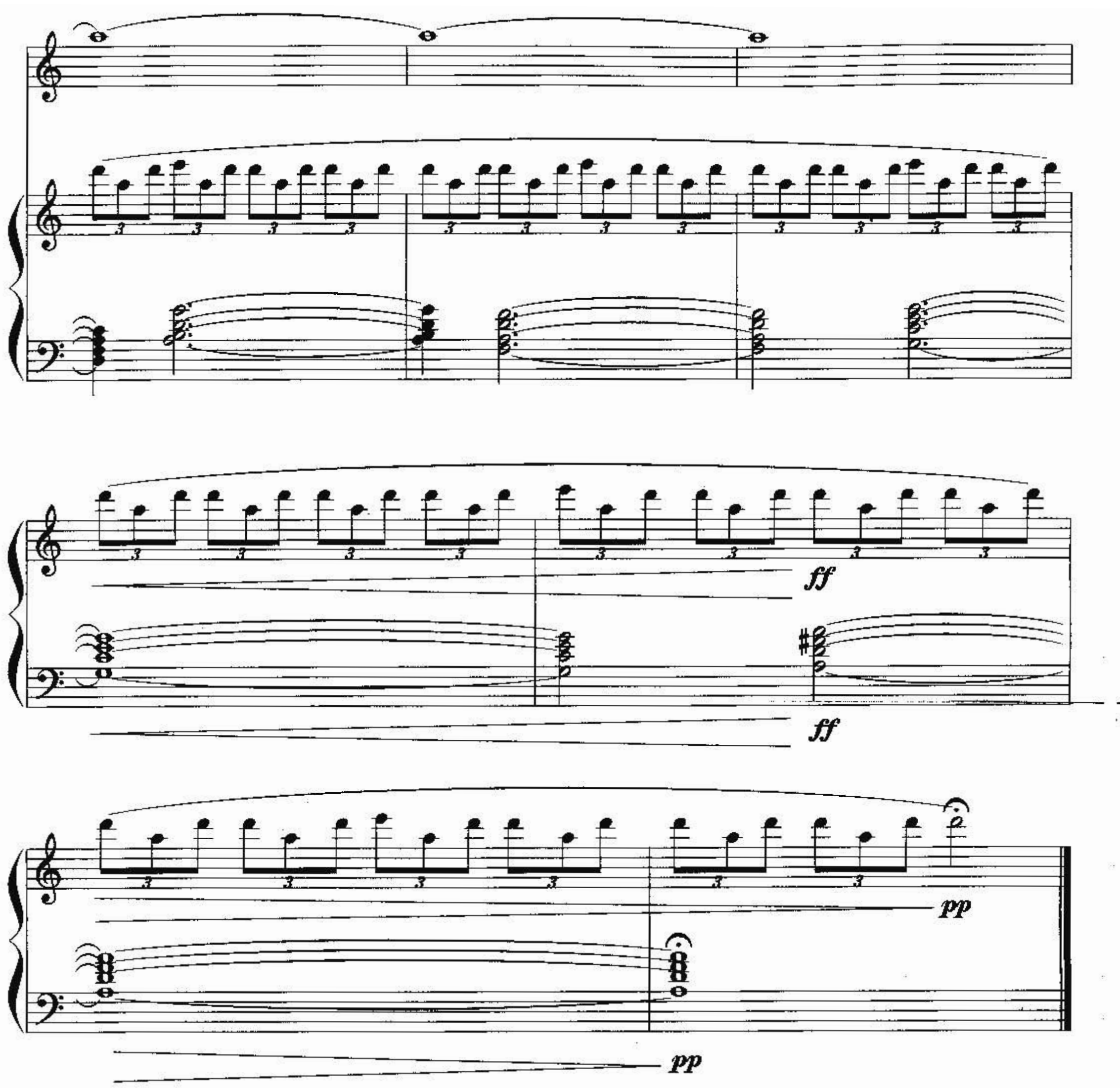
p

vest in the Church for your Hea - ven

f

pp

p



The winkler called again, he came here this morning,
With four hundred pounds
And a photograph of the place he has found.
A block of flats with central heating.
I think we're going to find it hard!

Can-Utility and the Coastliners

T. Banks, P. Collins,
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Andante

mp *pp*

Allegro ♩= 84

mf

The scat - tered pa - ges of a book by the sea.

mf

Ped.

Held by the sand washed by the waves. A sha - dow forms

f

cast by a cloud. Skim - ming by as

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mf

eyes of the past. But the ri - sing tide ab - sorbs them ef - fort - les - sly claim - ing.

mp

mf

They told of one who tired of all sin-ging "Praise him,

mf

8va

praise him". "We heed no flat-ter- ers" he cried. "By our com - mand

loco

wa - ters re- treat. Show my power, halt at my feet"

But the cause was lost, now cold winds blow. Far from the north

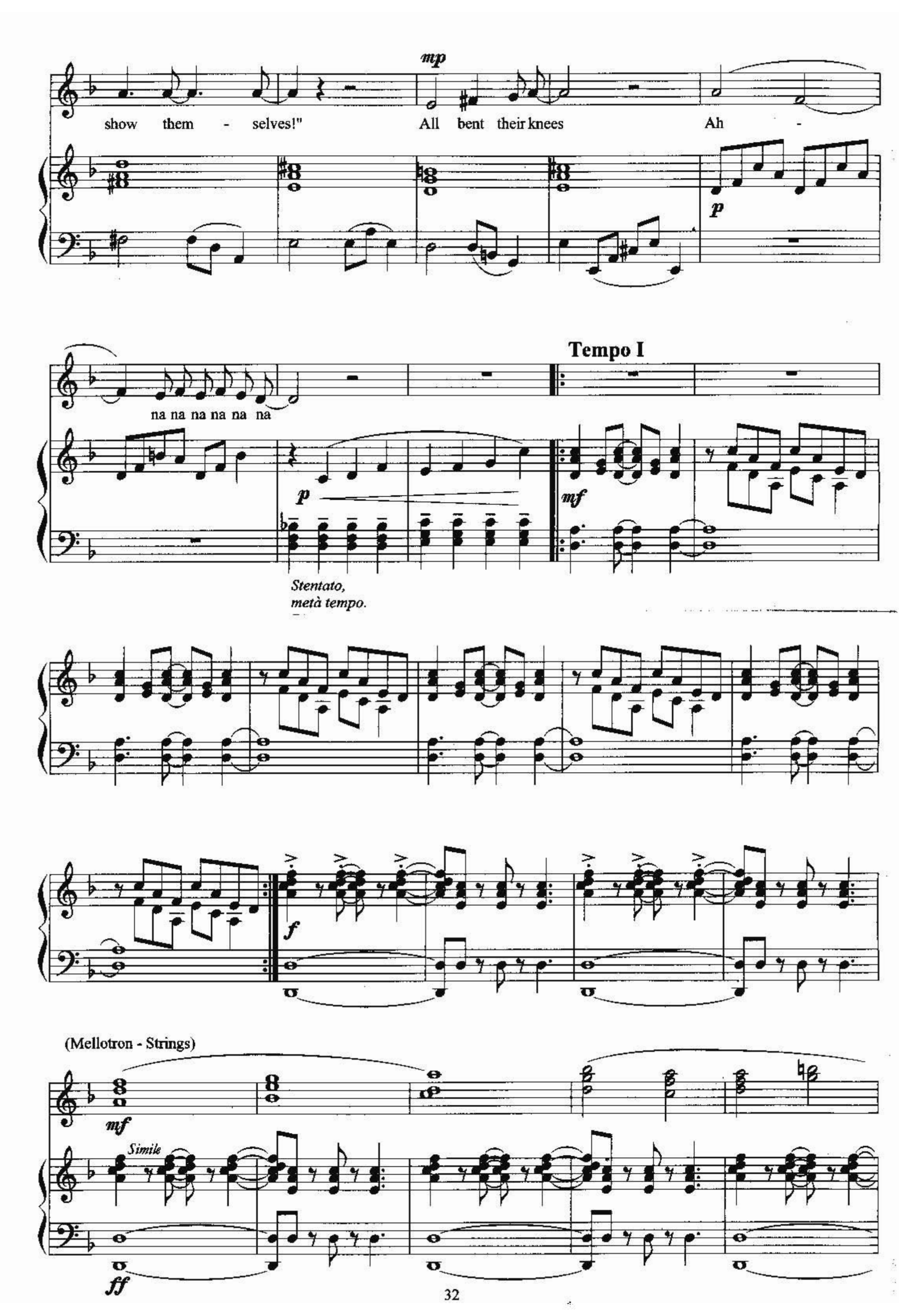
f

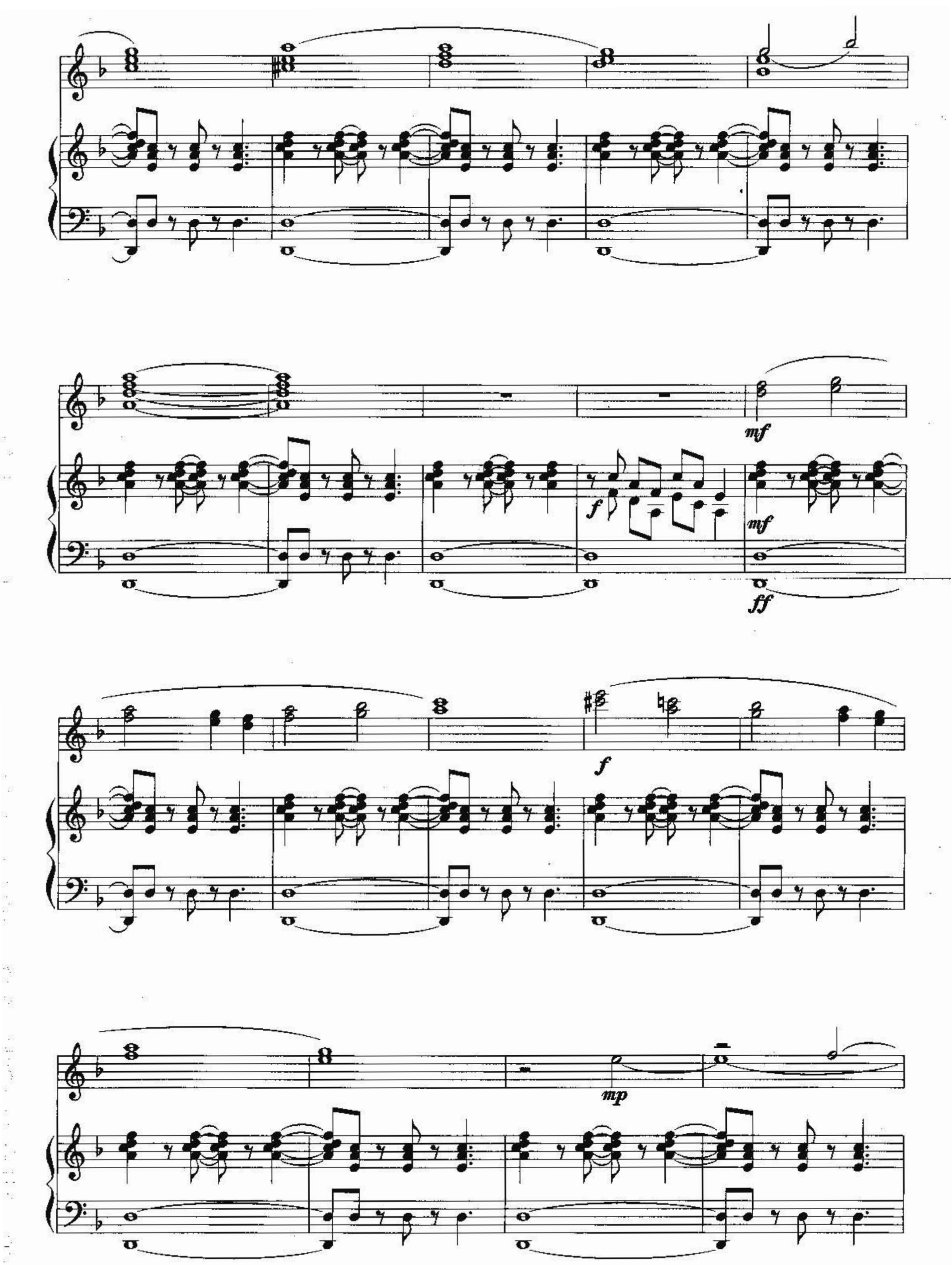
o - ver - cast ranks ad - vance. Fear of the storm ac - cu - sing with

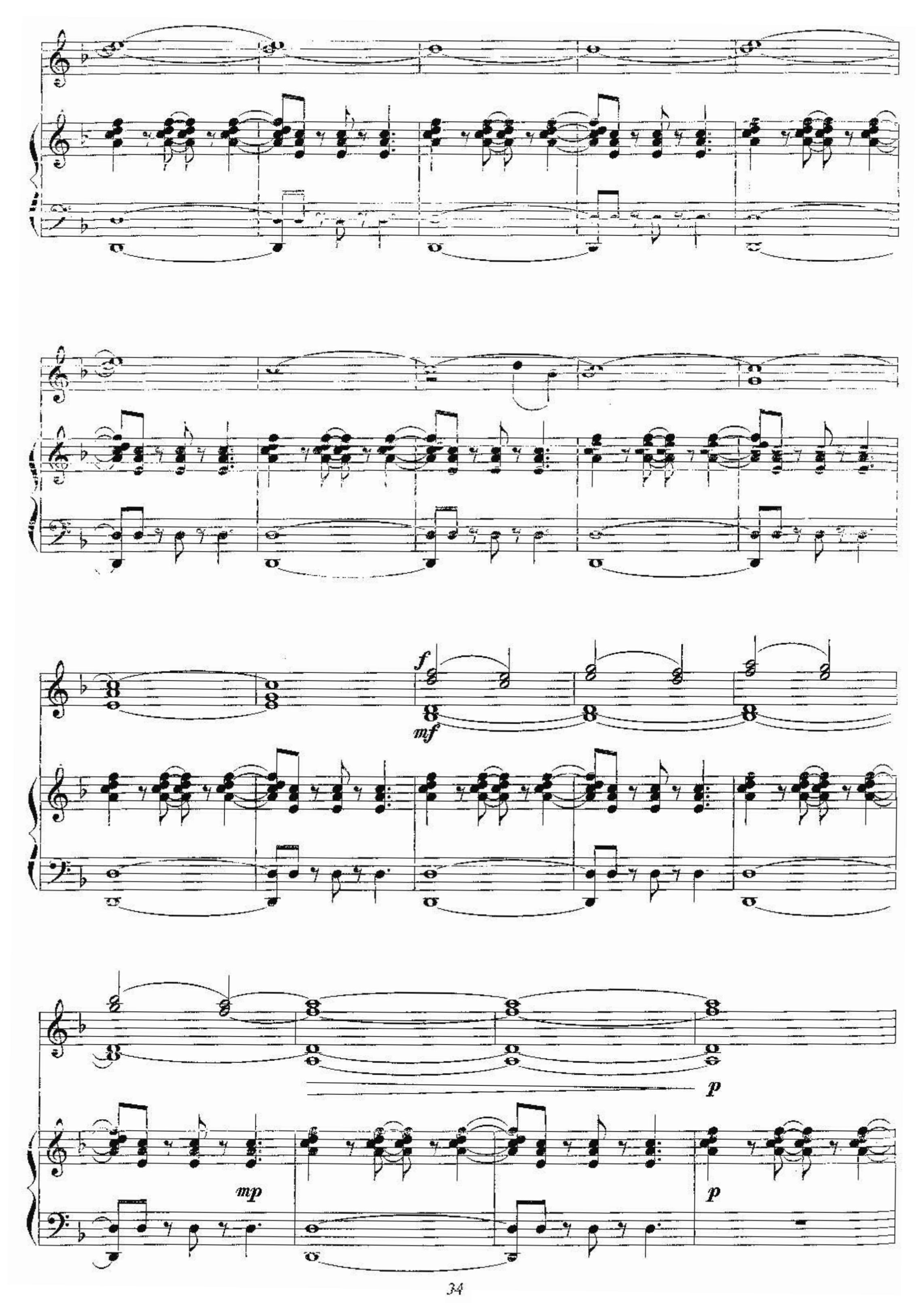
rage and scorn. The waves sur - round the sin-king throne. Sing - ing

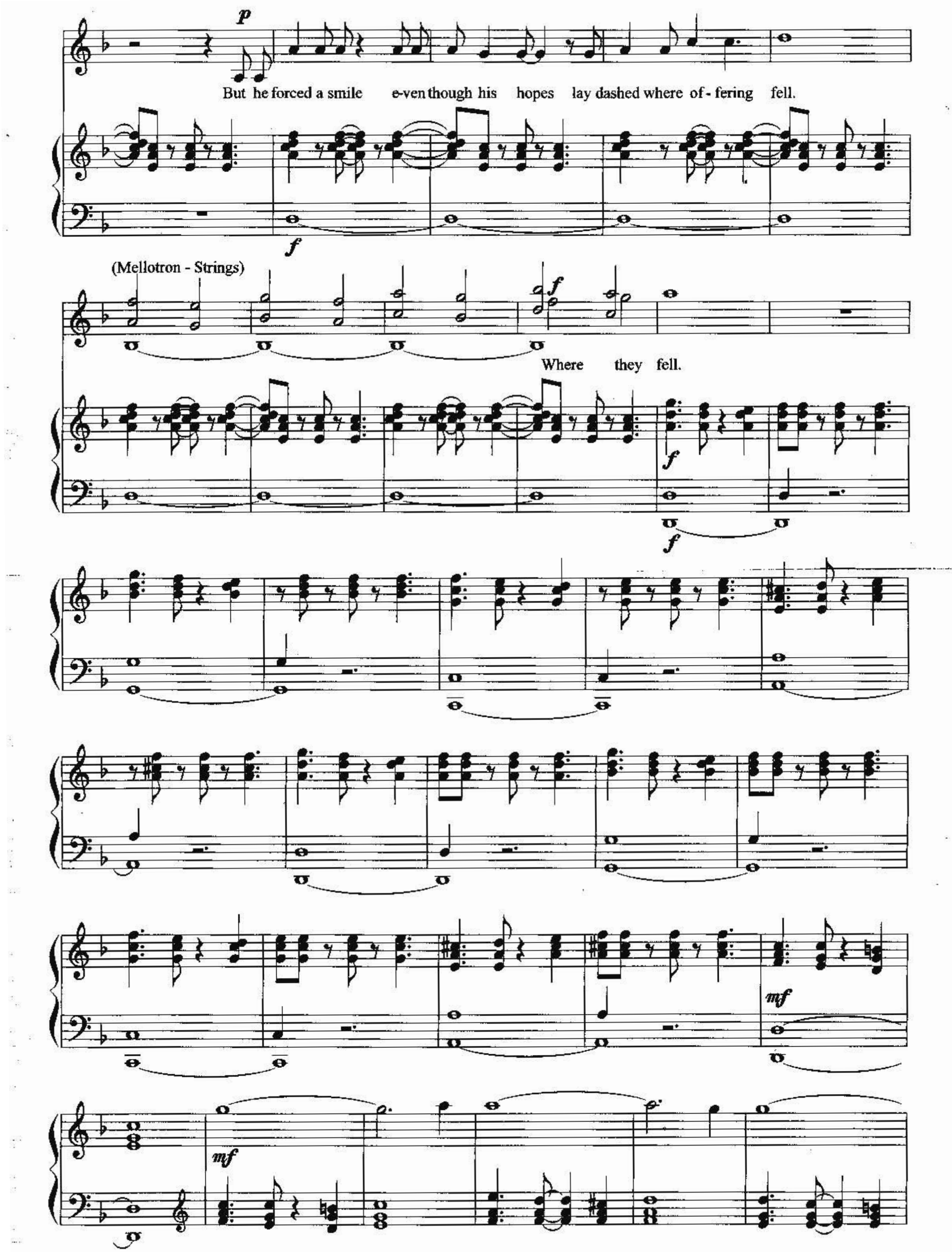
f

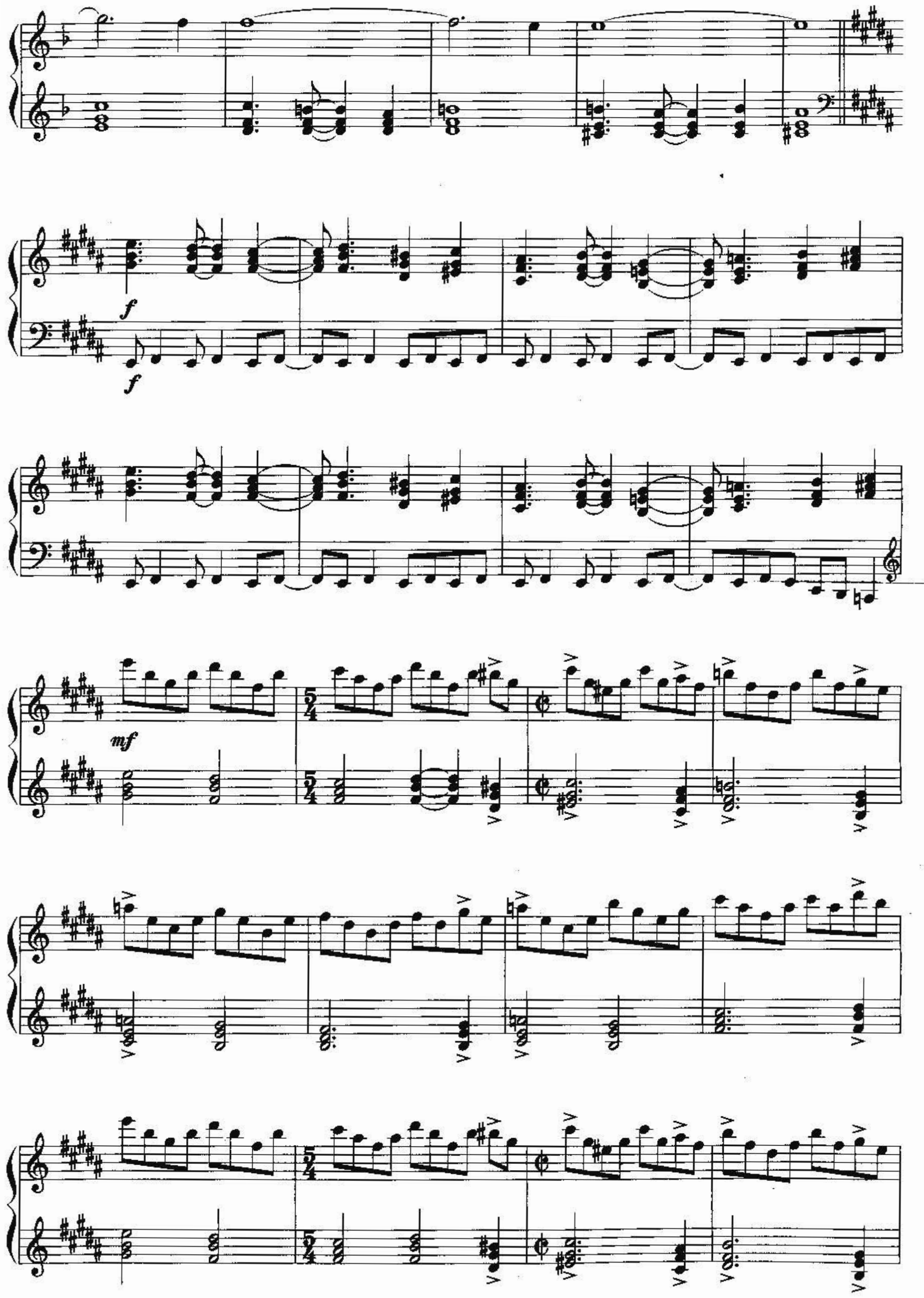
"Crown him, crown him." "Those who love our ma - je - sty


mp
show them - selves!"
All bent their knees
Ah -
p
na na na na na na
p
Stentato,
metà tempo.
Tempo I
mf
f
(Mellotron - Strings)
mf
Simile
ff


mf
f
mf
ff
f
mp


f
mf
mp
p
p


p
But he forced a smile e-ven though his hopes lay dashed where of - fering fell.
f
(Mellotron - Strings)
f
Where they fell.
f
f
mf
mf


f
f
mf

(Guitar)

mf

f

f

No - thing can my peace de - stroy as

mf

long as no - one smiles. More

o - pened ears and o - pened eyes, and soon they

dared to laugh.

ff

f

f

ff *mp* *ff* *mp*

See a lit- tle man with his face tur-ning red. Though his sto-ry's o-ften told you can tell he's dead.

ff

sfz

Horizons

Steve Hackett

Andante ♩= 100

p

sost.

mf

mp

mf

rit.

a Tempo

mf

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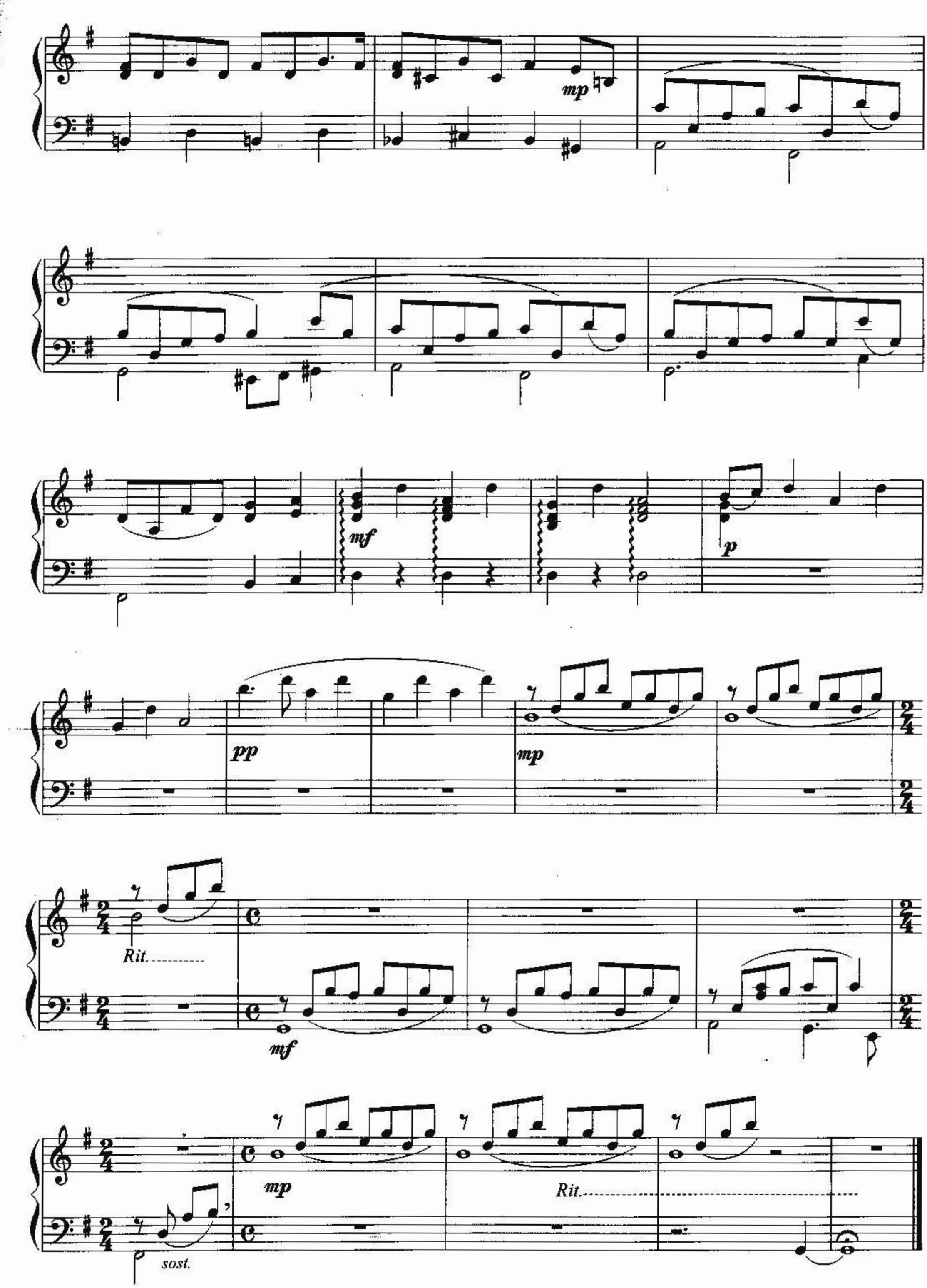
mp
mf
p
pp
mp
Rit.
mf
mp
Rit.
sost.

Supper's ready

T. Banks, P. Collins,
P. Gabriel, S. Hackett
M. Rutherford

Lovers' Leap

Allegro ♩= 130

mf

Wal-king a - cross the sit-ting room I turn the te - le - vi - sion off.

mf

sit - ting be - side you, I look in - to your eyes.

As the sound of mo-tor-cars fades in the night time I

swear I saw your face change, it di-d'nt seem quite right. And it's

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f

Hal-lo babe, with your guar- dian e - yes so blue

mf

Hey my ba - by don't you know my lo-ve is true

mp

1.

2.

mp

I've been so far___ from here, far from your

mp

f

lo - ving arms. It's good to feel you a - gain.

p

It's been a long, long time.

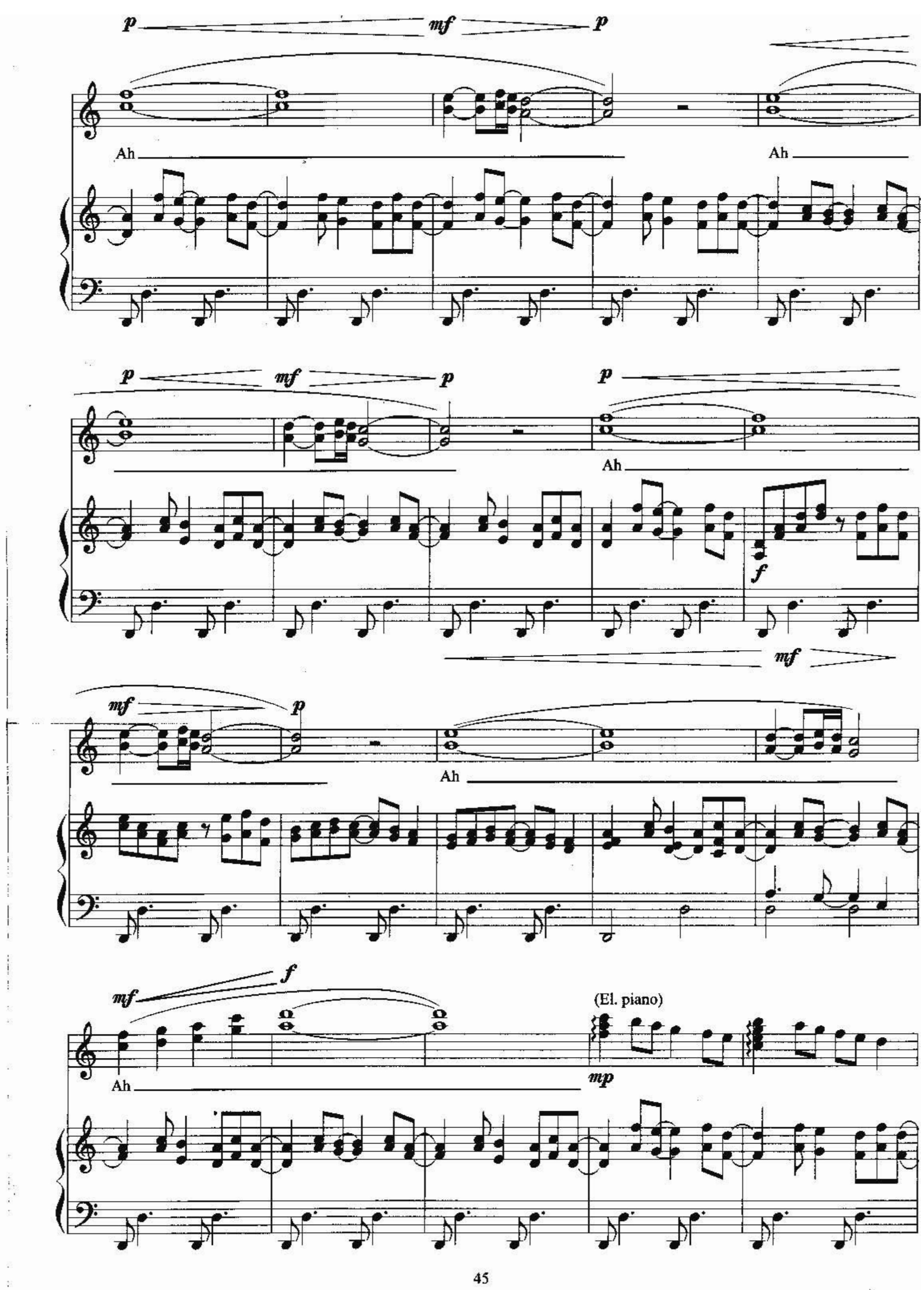
mp

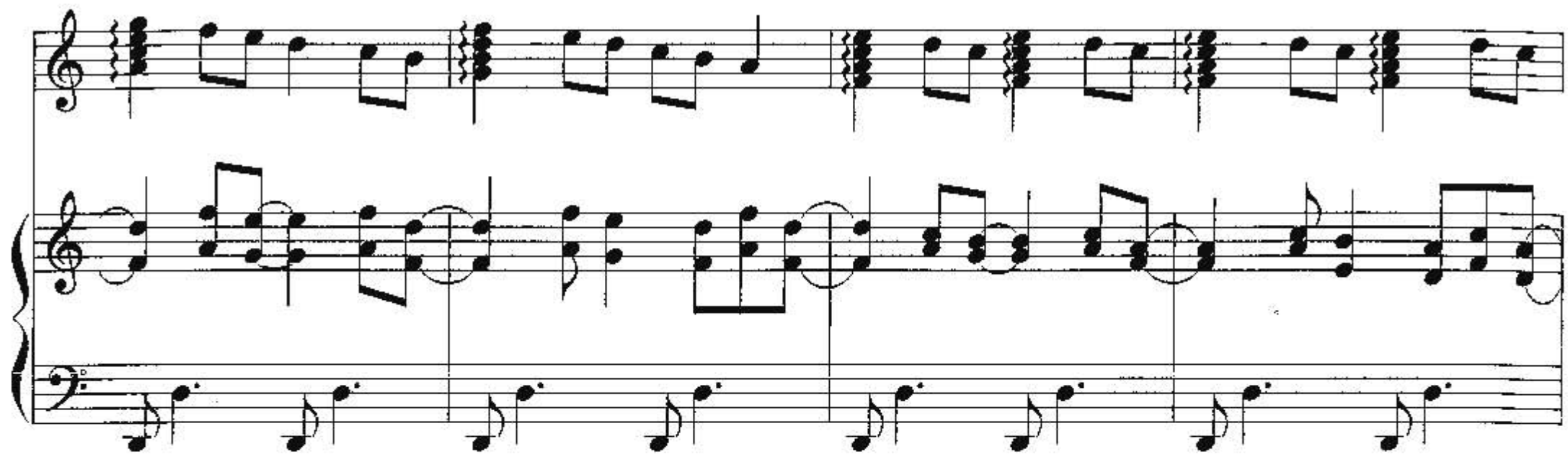
Ped. * Ped.

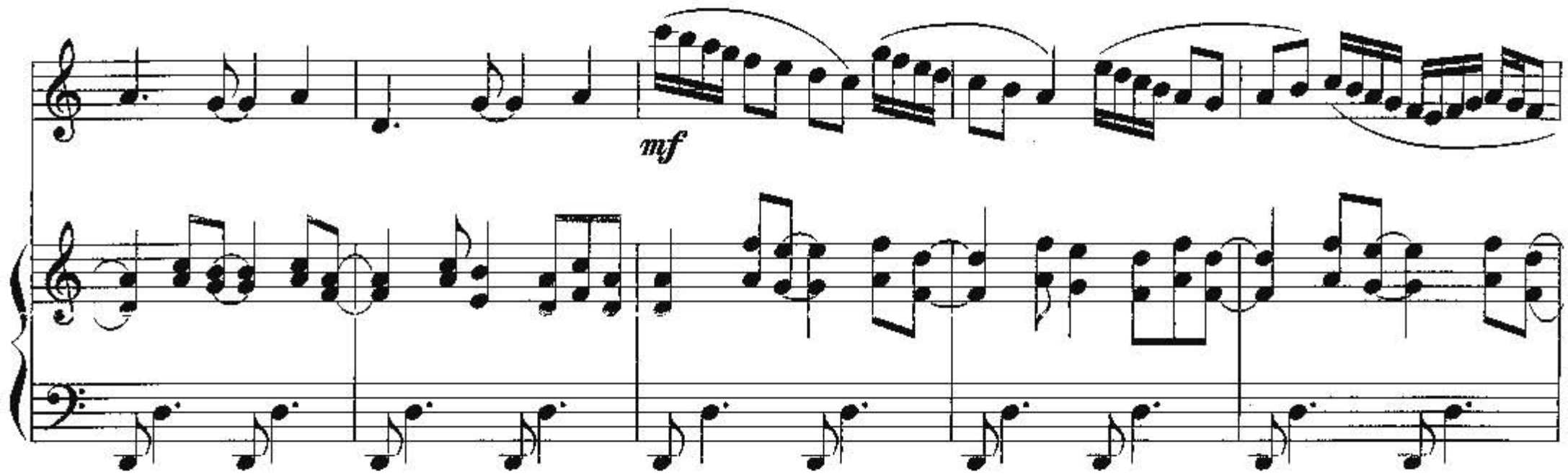
(spoken): *Hasn't it?*

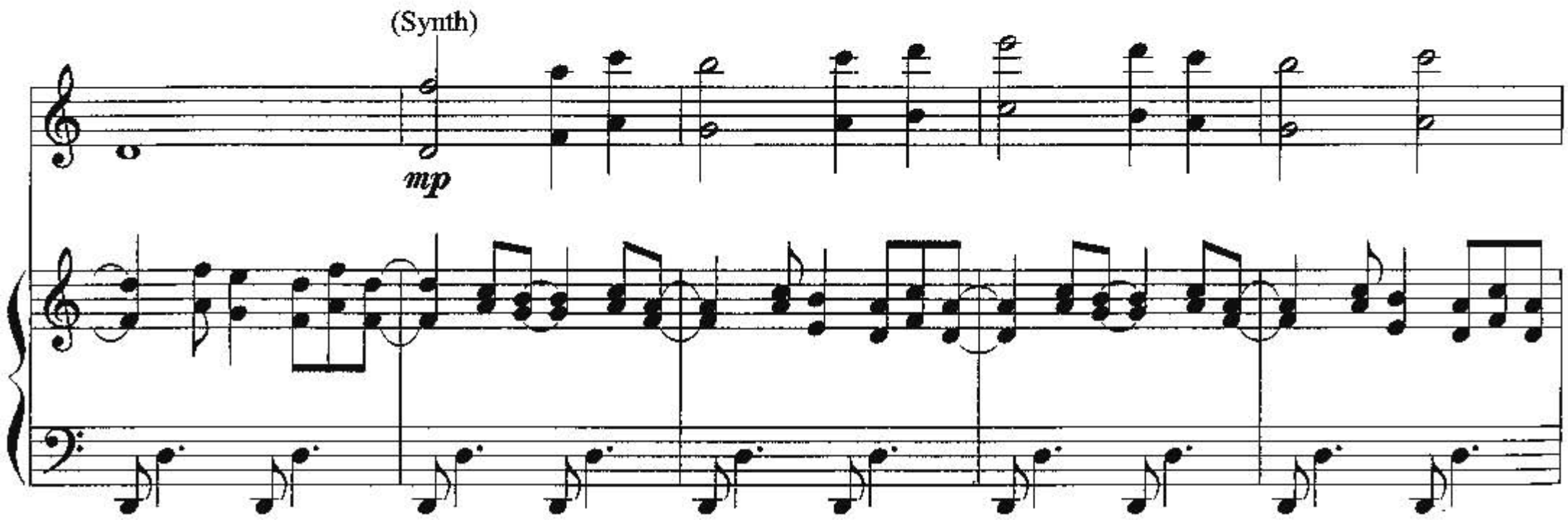
Più mosso

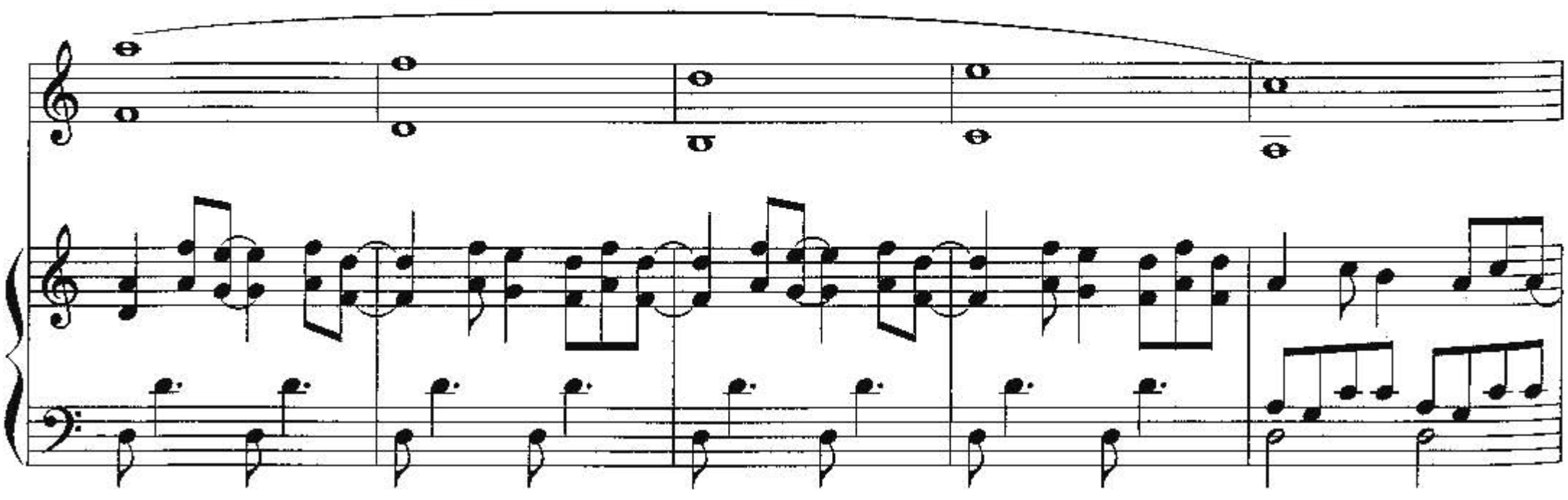
mf

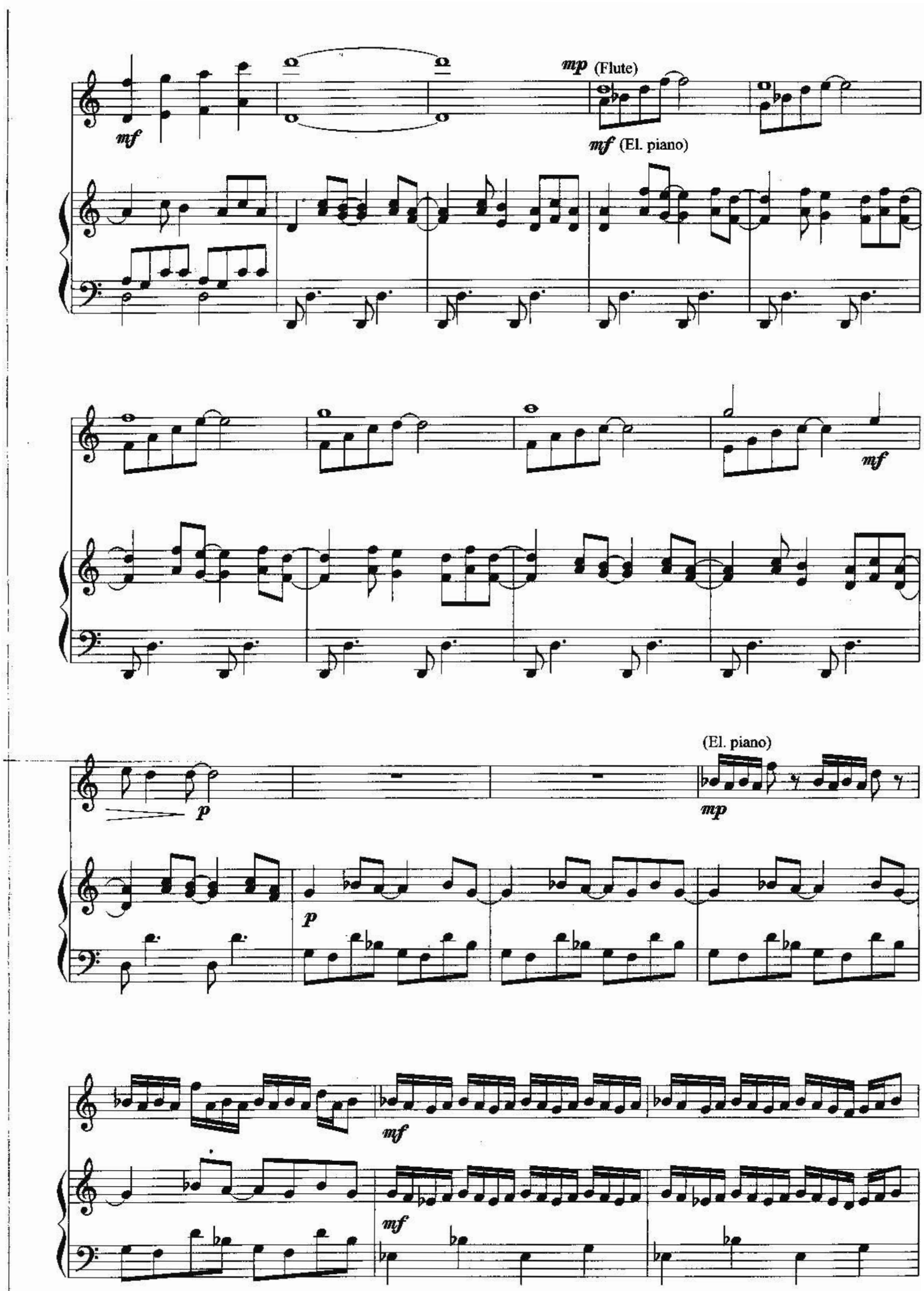

p
mf
p
Ah
Ah
p
mf
p
p
Ah
f
mf
mf
p
Ah
mf
f
(El. piano)
Ah
mp




mf


(Synth)
mp




mf
mp (Flute)
mf (El. piano)
mf
p
(El. piano)
mp
p
mf
mf

Allegretto

p

mp

mp

I know a far-mer who looks

mf

a - fter the farm. With wa - ter clear he cares for all his

mf

mp

f

3

har - vest.

I know a

mf

mp

mp

mf

fi-re-man who looks a - fter the fire

mf

f

You, can't you see he's fooled you all

f

Yes he's here a - ga- in.

mf

Can't you see he's fooled you all. Share his peace. Sign the lease

mf

1.

He's a su-per - so-nic scien - tist, he's the gua-ran-teed e - ter-nal sanct-u - a - ry

f

2.

gua- ran- teed e- ter-nal sanct - u - a - ry

mp

Molto moderato

mp

Children voices

We will rock you rock you lit - tle snake,

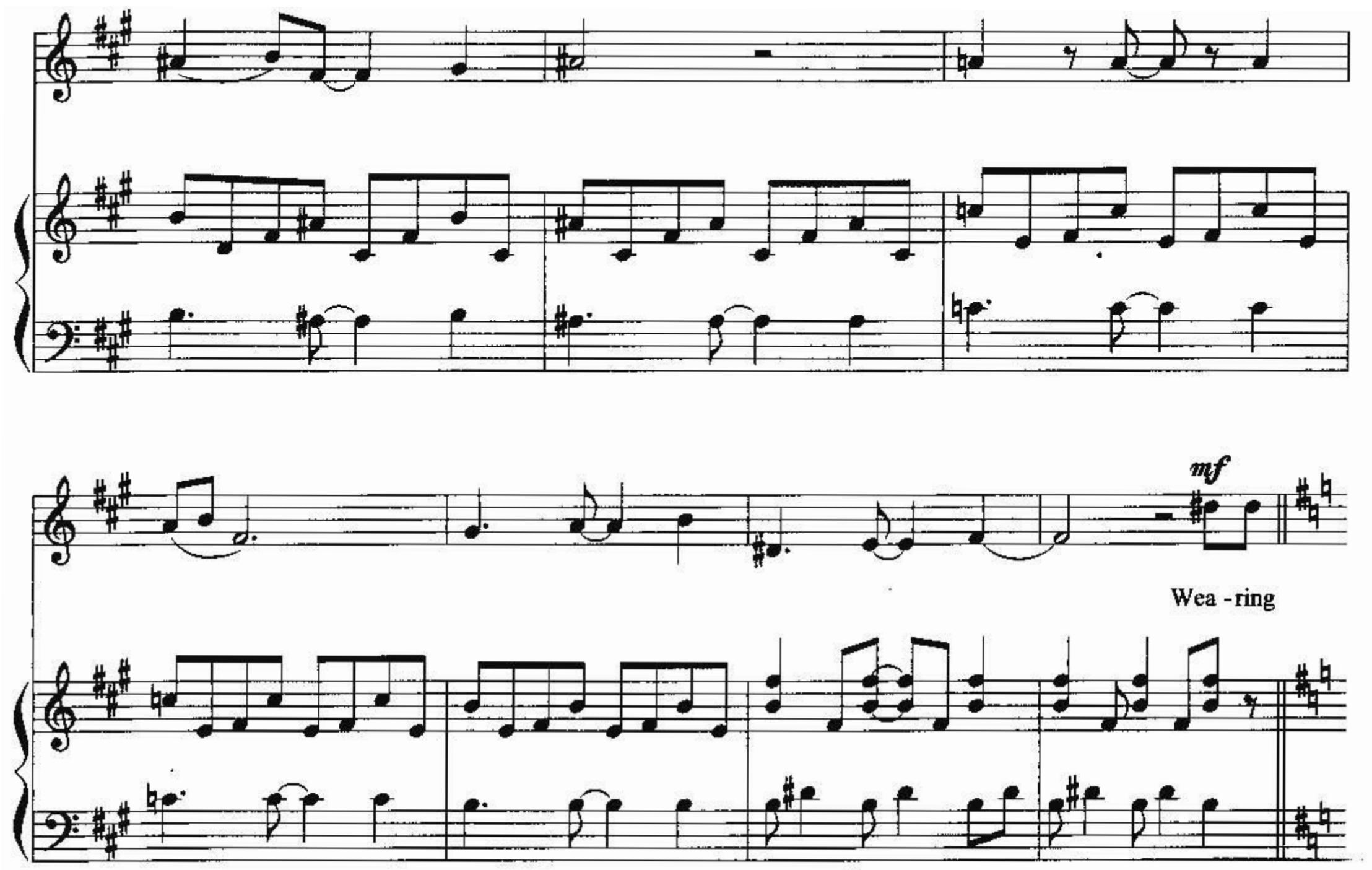
we will keep you snug and warm.

Tempo I

(Flute)

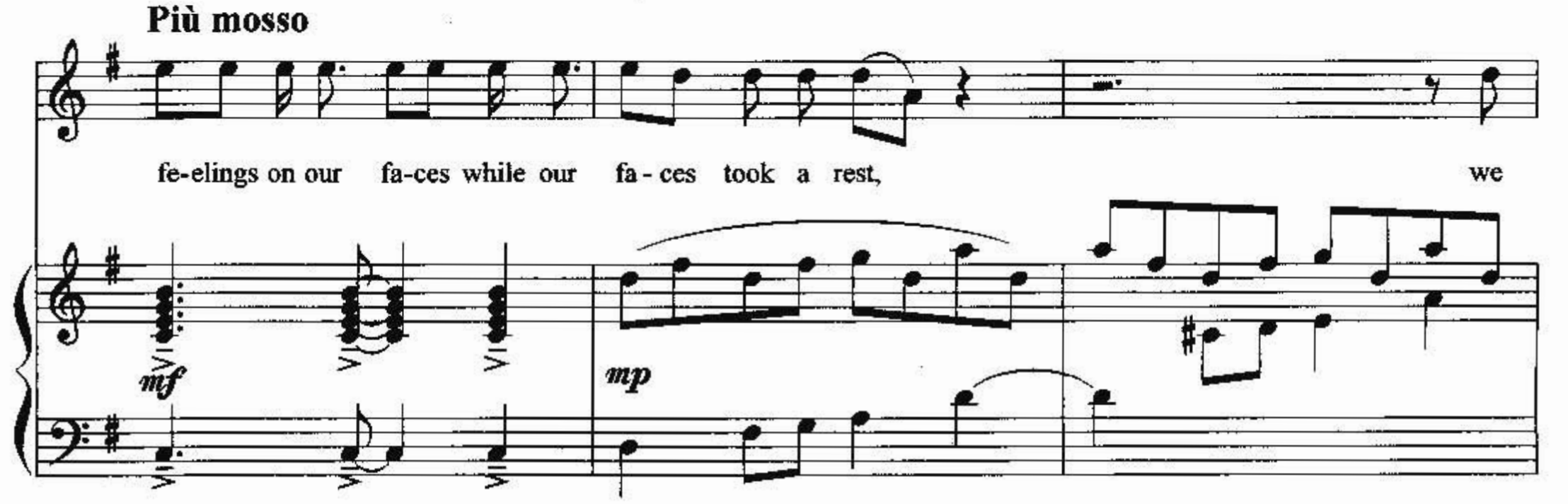
mf

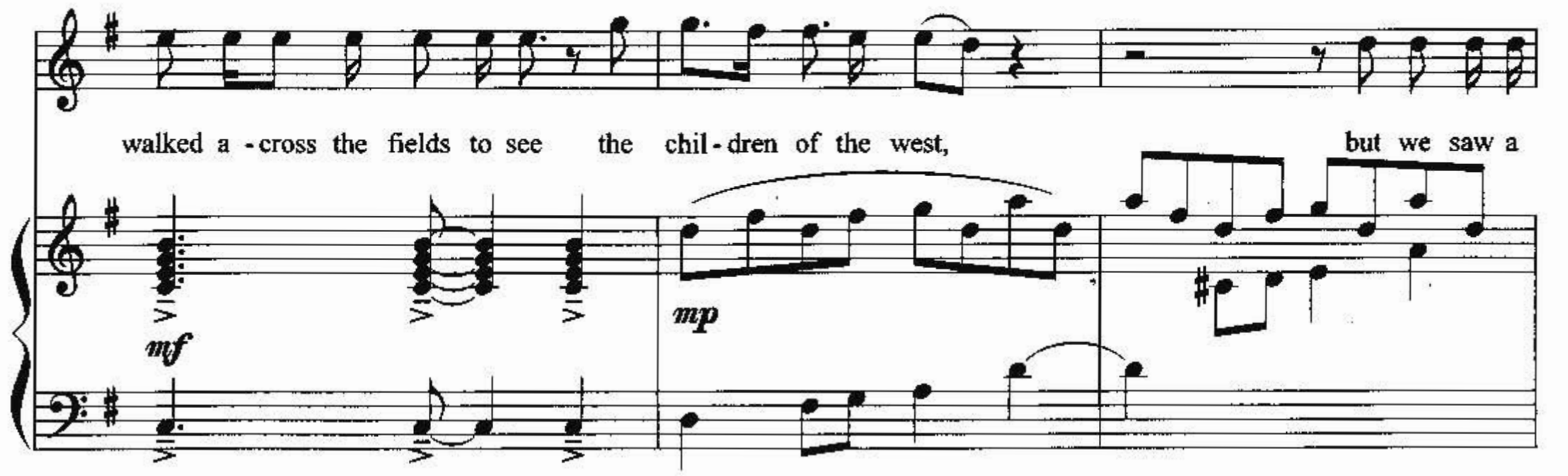
mf



Ikhnaton and Itsacon and their Band of Marry Men

Più mosso





host of dark skinned war-riors stan-ding still be-low the ground

mf *mp* *mf*

f

Wai-ting for bat - tle.

(Organ)

cresc.

f

(Guitar)

f

f

The fight's be-gun, they've been

re - leased, kil-ling foe for peace... Bang, bang, bang.

Bang, bang, bang. And they're gi-ving-me a won-der-ful po

- tion 'cause I can-not con-tain my e-mo - tion

mf

And e-ven though I'm feel-ing good some-thing tells me I bet-ter a - cti-vate my pra-

mf *f*

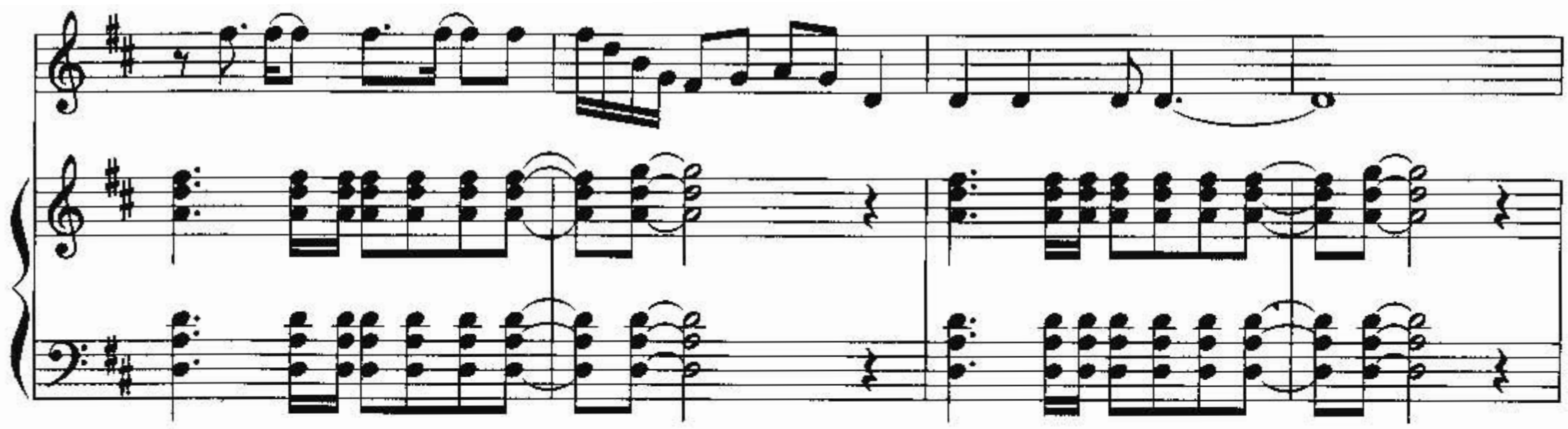
yer - cap sule.

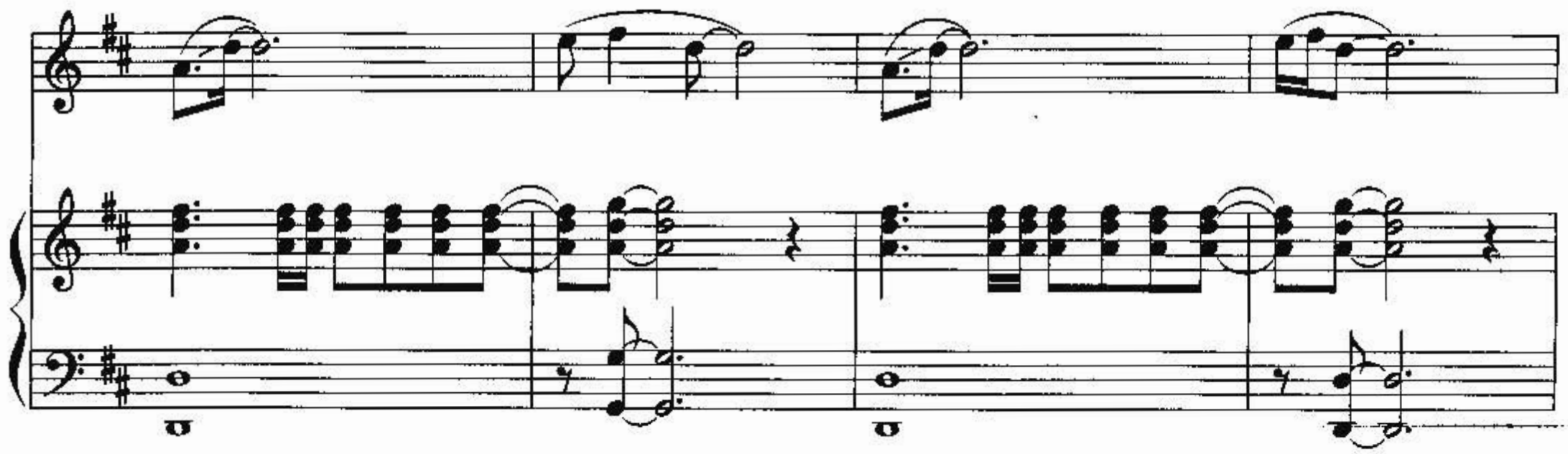
(Guitar)

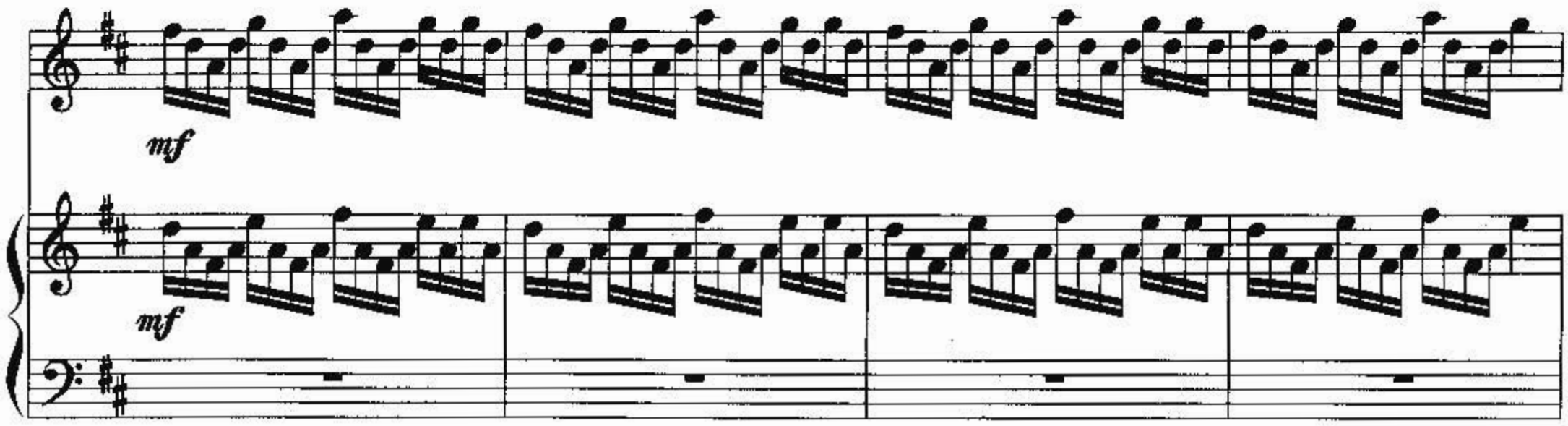
f

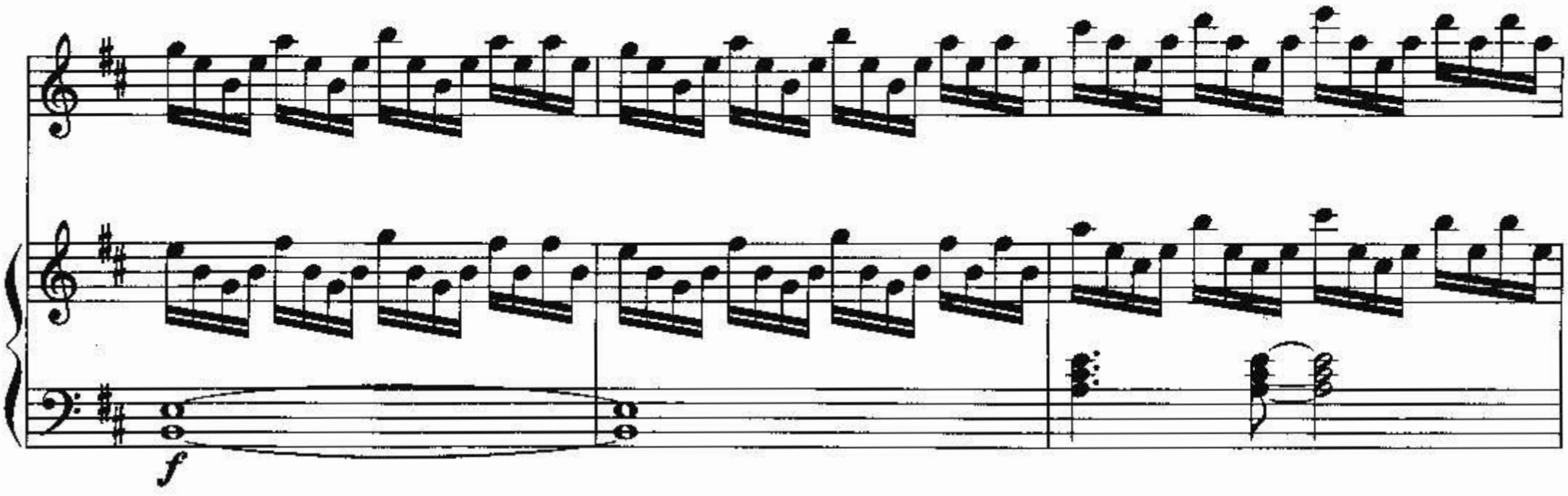
f

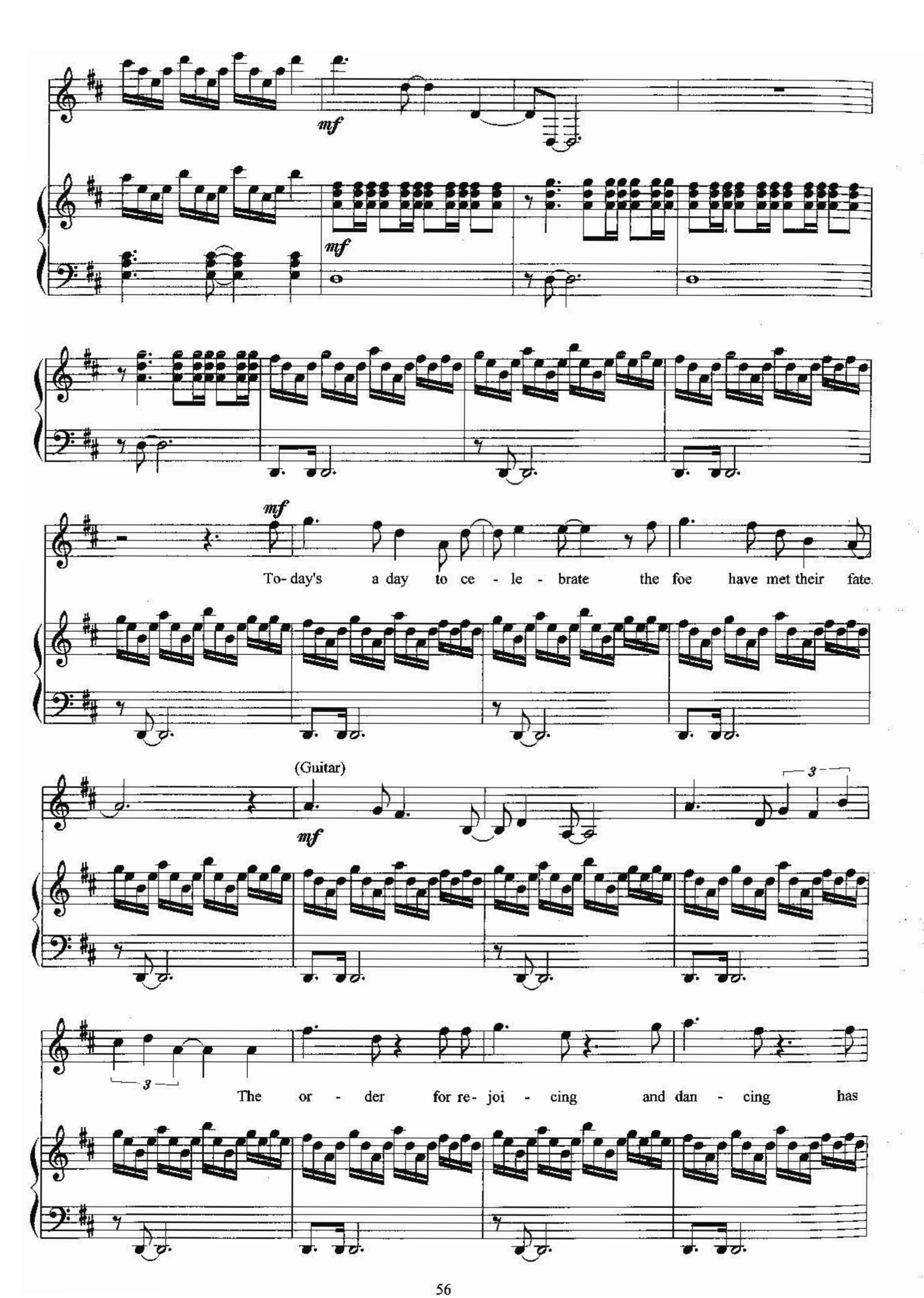
mf






mf
mf


f


mf
mf
mf
To- day's a day to ce - le - brate the foe have met their fate.
(Guitar)
mf
3
3
The or - der for re- joi - cing and dan - cing has

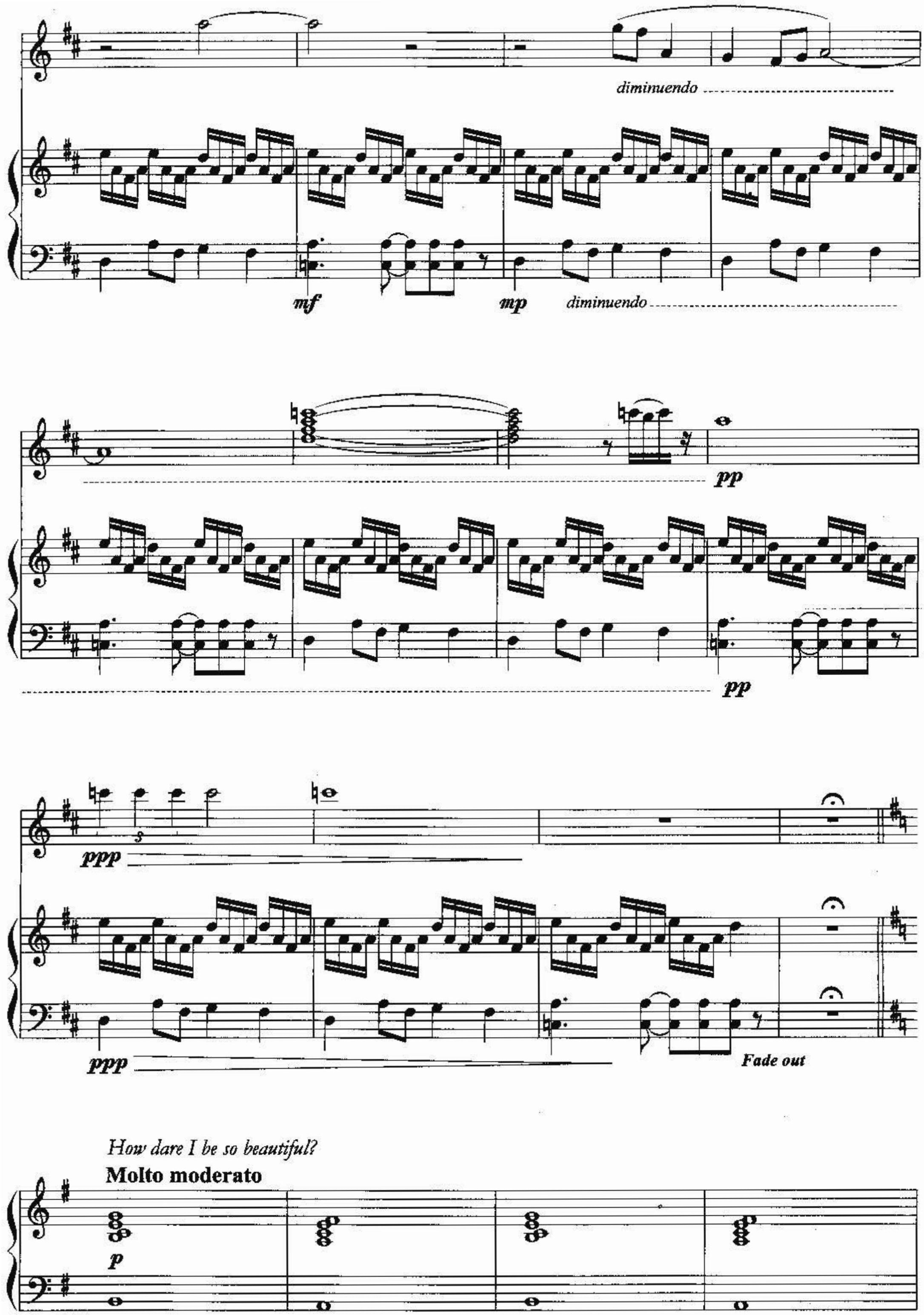
(Guitar)

come from our war - lord.

mp

mf

mp


diminuendo
mf
mp
diminuendo
pp
pp
ppp
ppp
Fade out
How dare I be so beautiful?
Molto moderato
p

p

Wan-dering through the cha- os the bat-tle has left we climb up the moun-tain of hu-man flesh to a

p

1.,2.

pla-teau of green grass, and green trees, full of life.

3.

flo-wer. (spoken) A flower?

Willow Farm

Allegro vivace ♩. = 110

mf

(here) If you go down to Wil-low Farm to look for but-ter-flies,

mf

f deciso

flut-ter-byes, gut-ter-flies, o-pen your

eyes, it's full of sur- prise, eve-ry-one lies like the fox on the rocks,

and the mu-si-cal box. Oh, there's

Mum and Dad, and good and bad, and eve-ry-one's hap-py to be We've got

f

f

mf

eve-ry-thing, we're gro-wing eve-ry-thing, we've got some in, we've, got some out, we've got some

mp

f

f

wild - things floa - ting a - bout!

(Spoken)
All Change!

Allegro *mf*

Feel your bo-dy melt; Mum to mud to mad to Dad. Dad did-dley of-fice, Dad did-dley

mf

of-fice. You're all full of ball. Dad to dam to dum to Mum. Mum did-dley wa-shing Mum did-dley

mf

wa - shing. You're all full of ball. Let me hear your lies, we're li-ving this up to the eyes

mf

f

oo-ee-oo-ee-ah Ooh - - ah Blah, blah,

f

blah. *ff* Mom - ma I want you now!

Allegro vivace

mp

mf Ooh - la la la la la la

And as you lis-ten to my voice to look for hid - den doors

f *mf*

la la *mf* Ooh

ti - dy floors more ap- plause. You've been here all the

f *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

aah Ooh ah ooh ah ooh ah (spoken) The soil, the soil!

time. Likeit or not, like what you got. You're un-der the soil.

f

Yes, deep in the soil. The soil, the soil, the soil, the soil! So, we'll

Ooh - ah ah Ooh - ah ah

end witha whis-tle and end with a bang and all of us fit in our pla - ces.

Adagio, liberamente

(Guitar)

ppp *mf*

mp

Bend

mf

pp

mf

pp

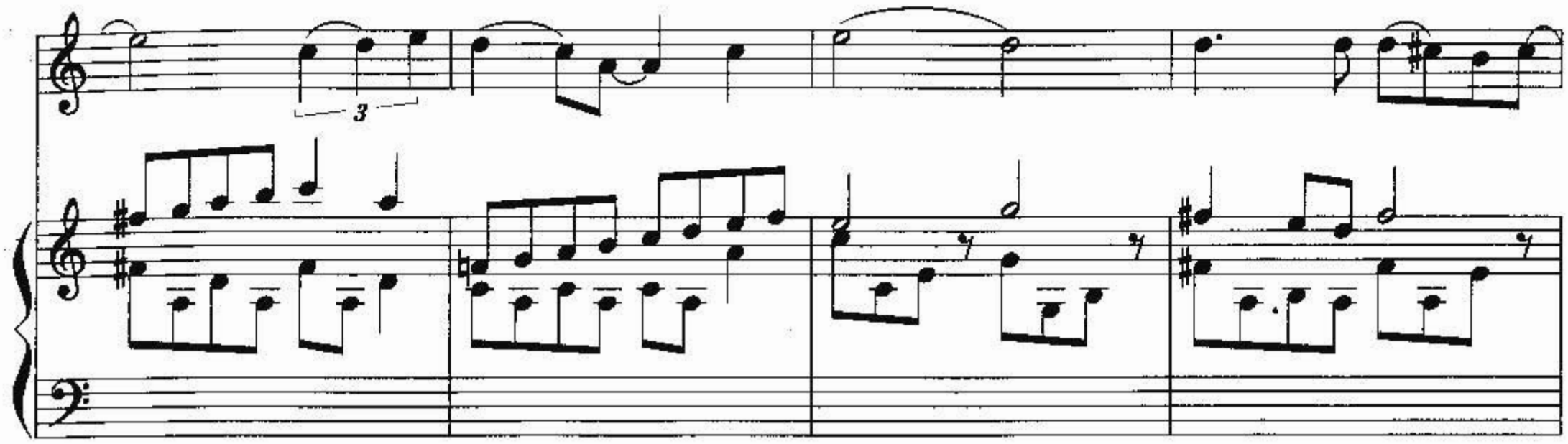
ppp

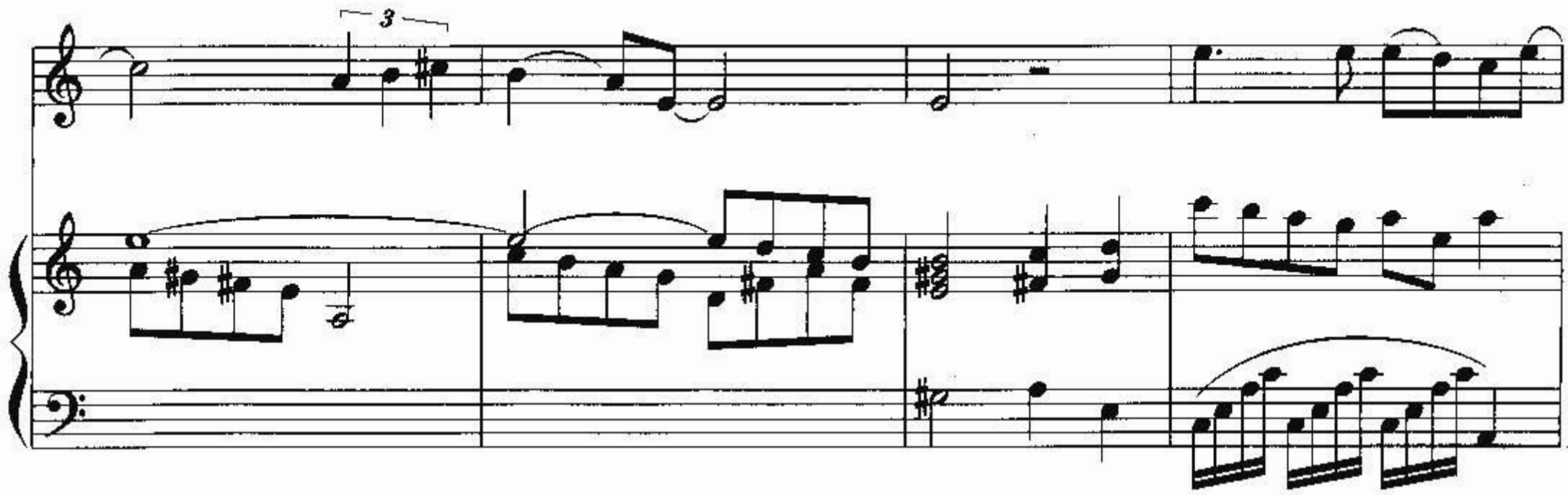
Andante molto moderato

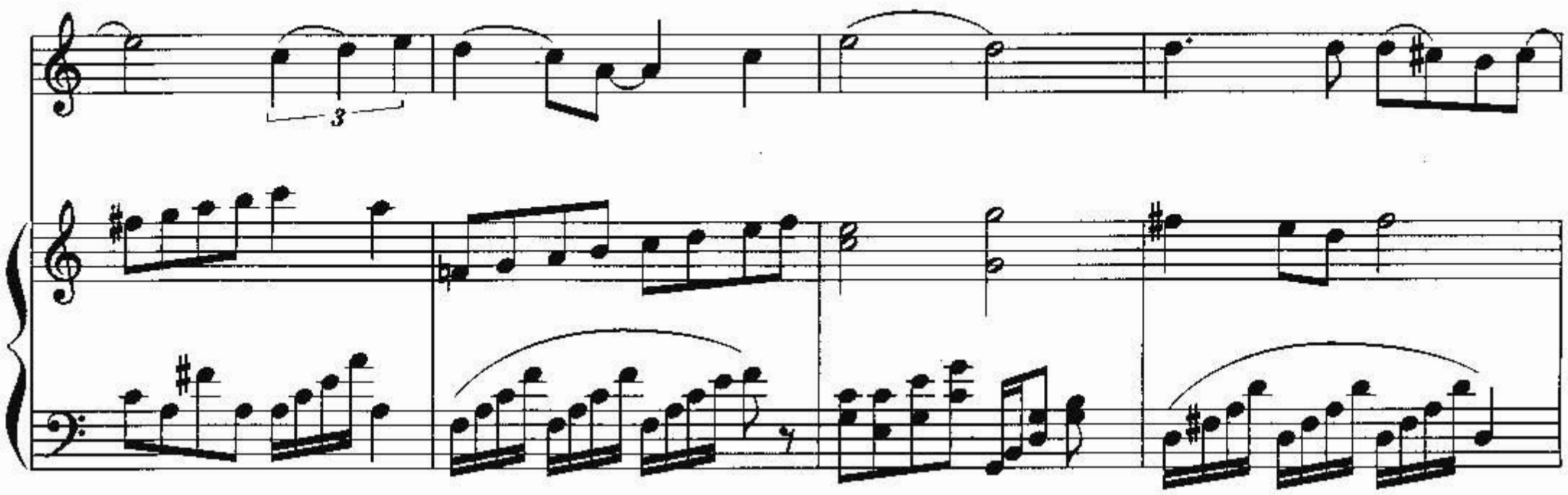
mp

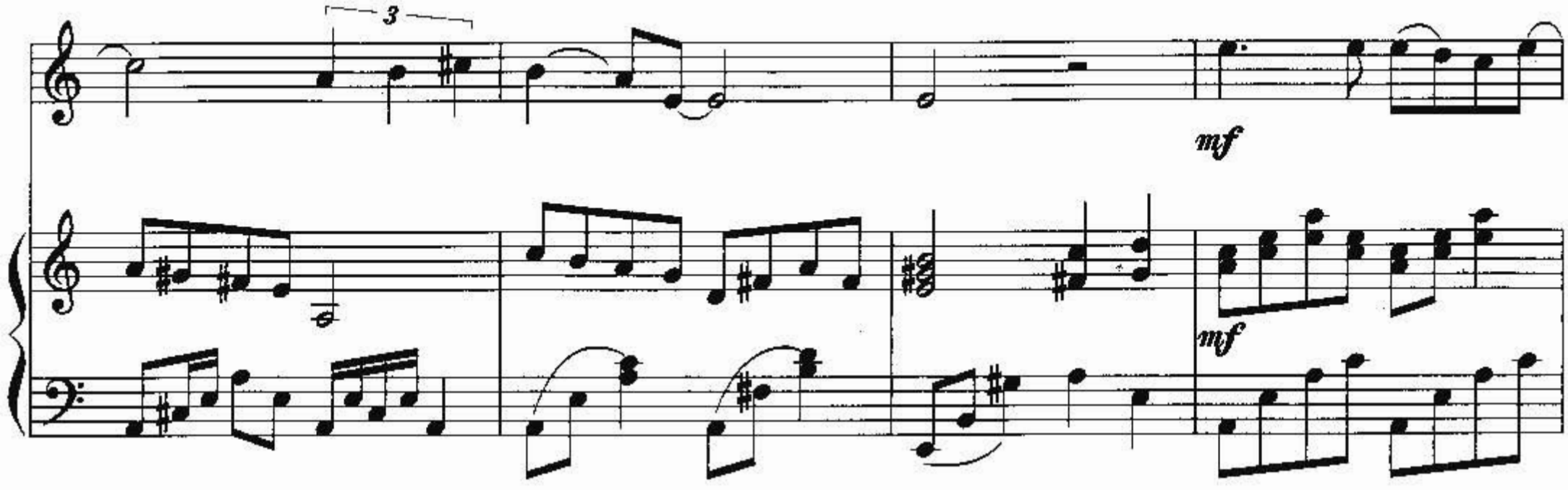
(Flute)

mp








mf
mf

Apocalypse in 9/8 (Co-starring the delicious talents of Gabble Ratchet)

Allegro moderato ♪=♪ (2+2+2+3)

f

With the guards of Ma-gog, swarm - ing a - round, the Pied Pi - per takes

simile

his chil-dren un-der-grou - nd. Dra - gons co-ming out of the sea.

Shim-me-ring sil-ver head of wis-dom look-ing at me. He brings out the fi - re from

ff

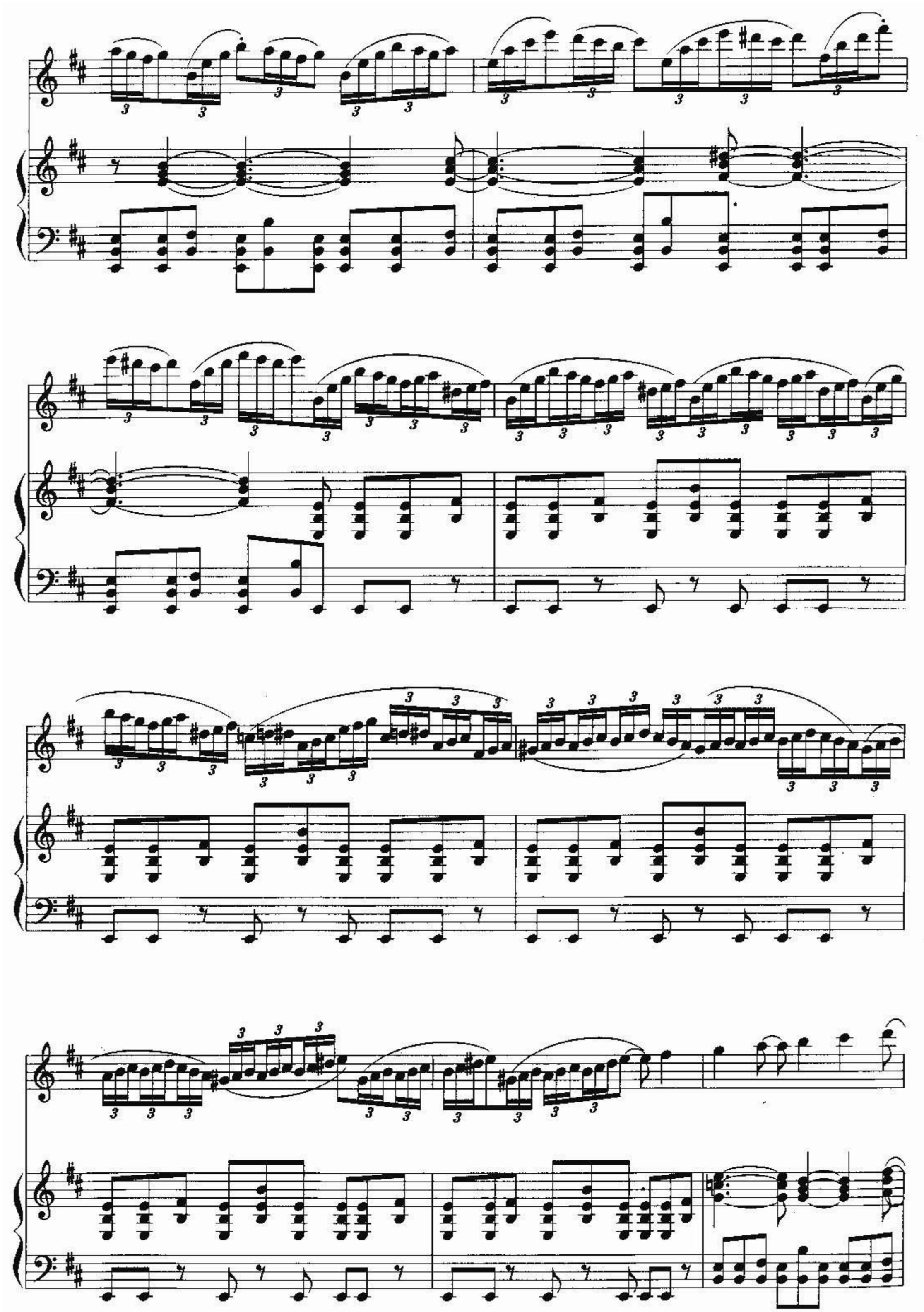
the skies. You can tell he's do - ing well by the look in hu - man eyes.

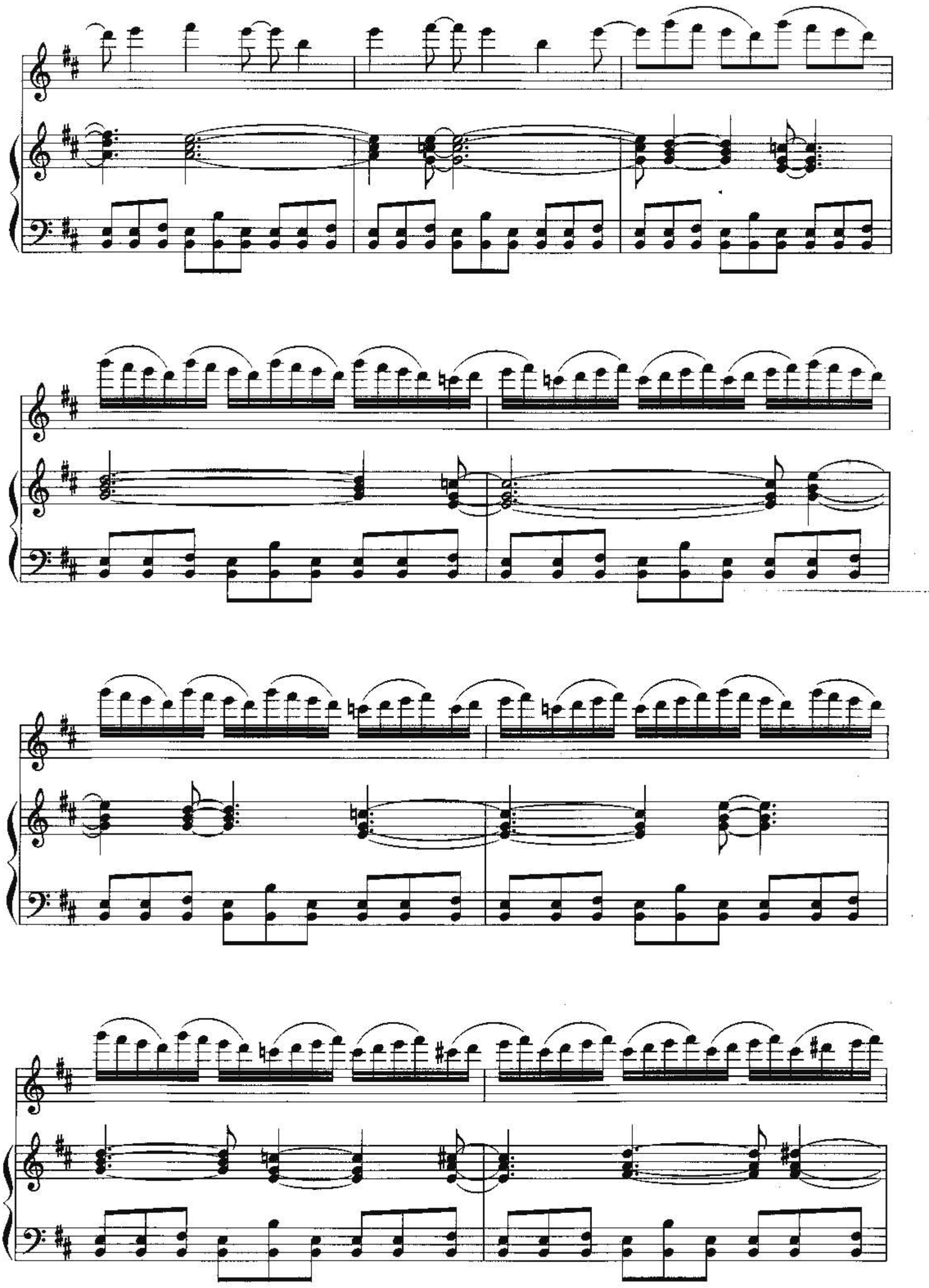
Bet - ter not com - pro - mise it won't be ea - sy.

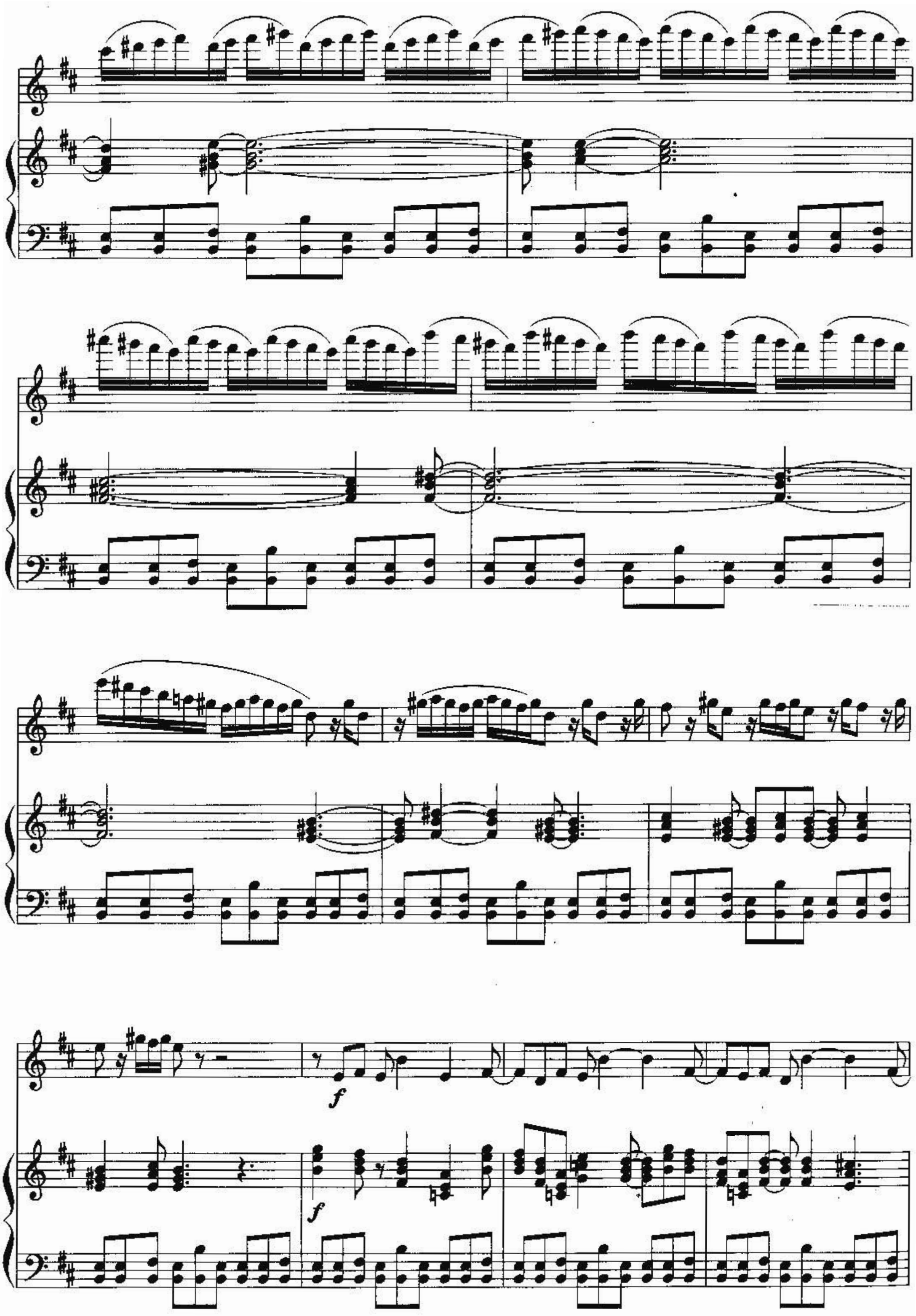
f

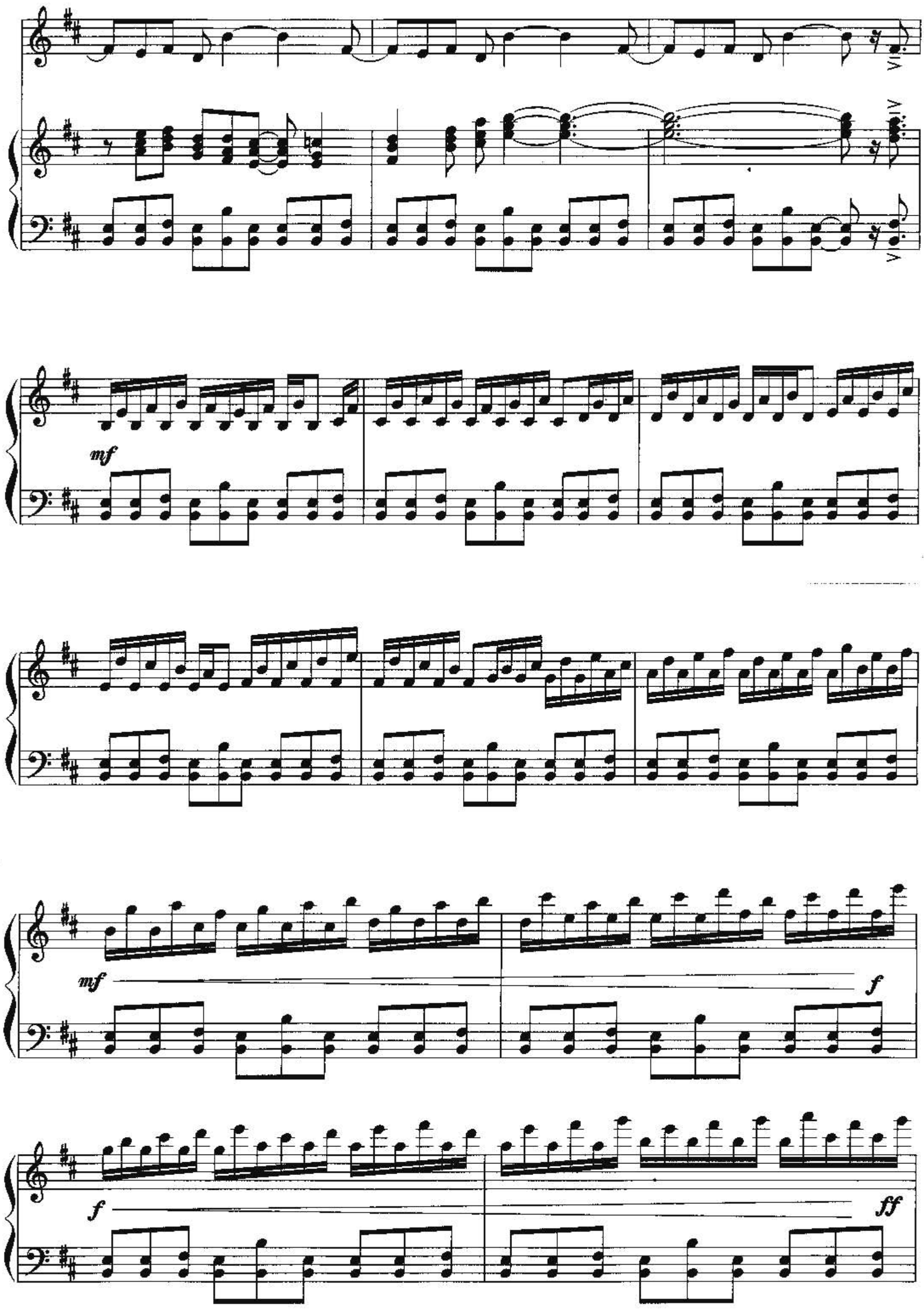
(Organ)

mf






f
f


mf
mf
f
f
ff

ff

f

Six, six, six, is no lon- ger a - lone. He's get-ting out the mar-row

f

in your back- bo - ne. And the se-ven trum-pets blo-wing sweet rock and roll,

gon - na blow right down in - si - de your soul

Py - tha - go - ras with the lo - oking glass re - flects the full mo - on.

In blood he's wri - ting the ly - rics of a brand new tu - ne

f

mf

mf

Più calmo

(Flute)

p

mp

(Organ)

mp

Molto moderato

(Bells)

mf

Andit's Hey, - babe,

mf

with your guar-dian eyes - so blu-e Hey my ba - by don't you know our lo-ve is

(Bells)

tru - e.

Andante

f

I've been so far from here, far from your lo- ving arms.

(Bells)

mf

Now I'm back a- gain, and babe it's gon-na work out

(Guitar) *f*

As sure as Eggs is Eggs (Aching Men's Feet)

Stesso tempo

mf

fine. Can't you feel our souls i- gni - te.

f *mf*

Shed-ding e-ver chang- ing co - lours,

in the dar - kness of the fa - ding - night - - like the ri-

ver joins the o - cean, as the germ in a se - ed grows, we've

1.

(Guitar)

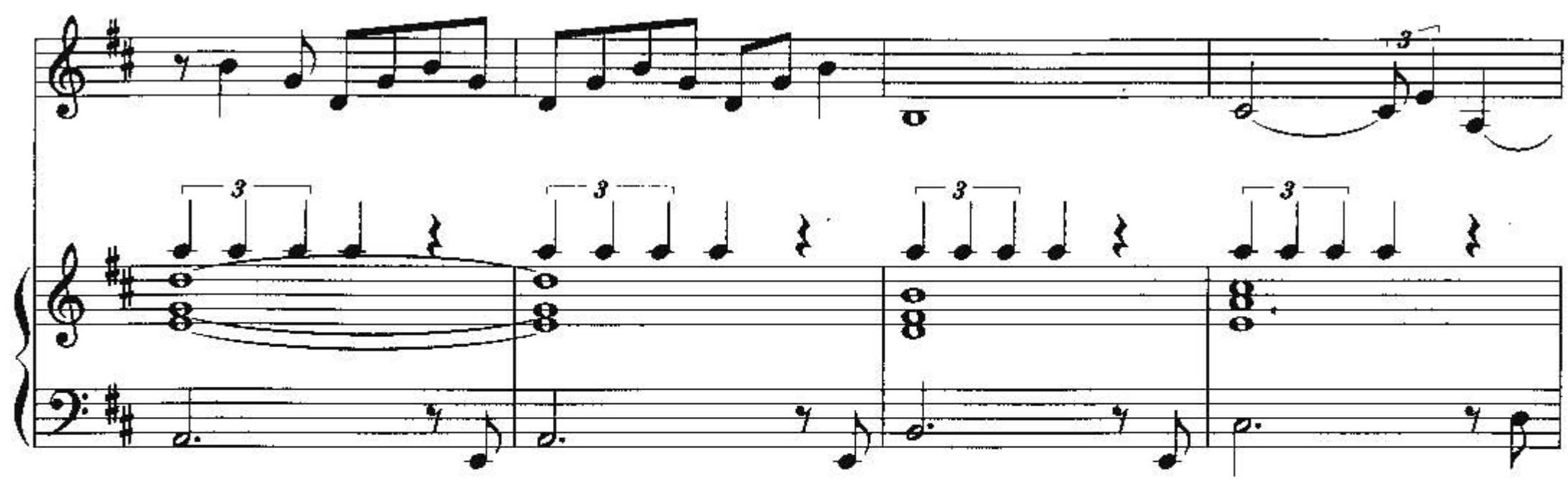
mf

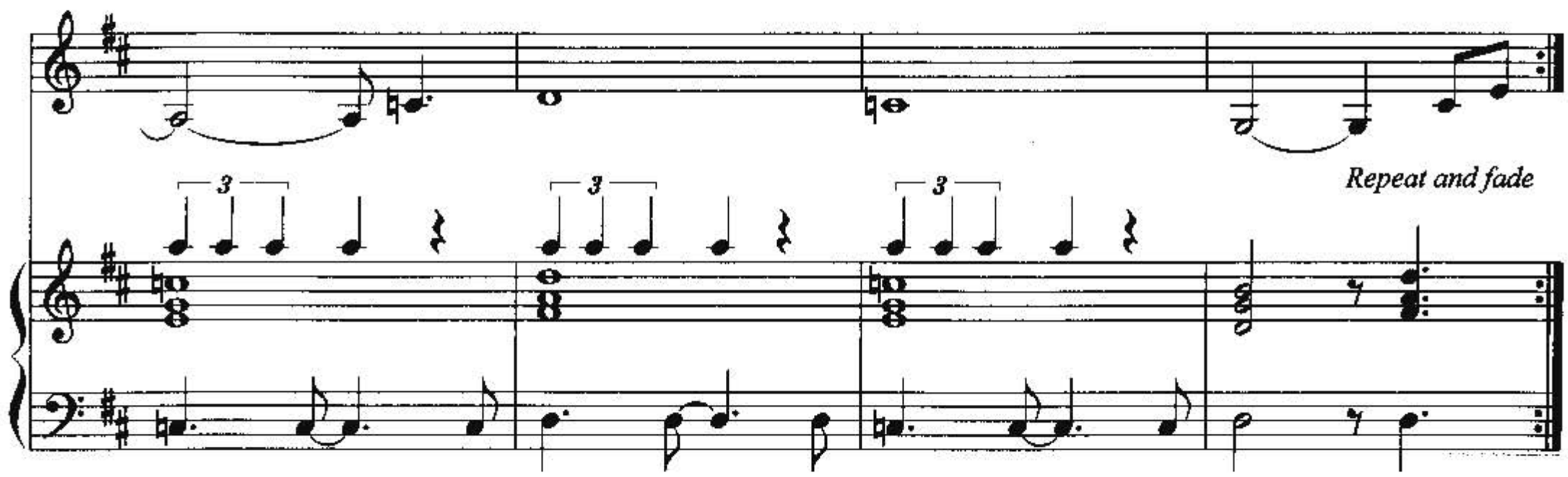
fi - nal - ly been freed to get back home.

2.

(Guitar)

mf





Coming closer with our eyes, a distance falls around our bodies.
Out in the garden the Moon seems very bright.
Six saintly shrouded men move across the lawn slowly,
The seventh walks in front with a cross held high in hand.
...And it's hey babe, your supper's waiting for you,
Hey my baby don't you know our love is true.

Look, look into my mouth he cries,
And all the children lost down many paths,
I bet my life you'll walk inside
Hand in hand, gland in gland
With a spoonful of miracle,
He's the guaranteed eternal sanctuary..

A young figure sits still by a pool
He's been stamped "Human Bacon" by some butchery tool.
(He is you)
Social Security took care of this lad.
We watch in reverence, as Narcissus is turned to a flower.

There's Wiston Churchill dressed in drag,
He used to be a British flag, plastic bag, what a drag.
The frog was a prince, the prince was a brick, the brick was an egg, the egg was a bird.
(Fly away you sweet, little thing, they're hard on your tail)
Hadn't you heard?
(They're going to change you into a human being!)
Yes, we're happy as fish and gorgeous as gees,
And wonderfully clean in the morning.

Everyone, we're changing everyone
You name them all, we've had them here
And the real stars are still to appear.

There's an angel standing in the sun, and he's crying with a loud voice,
"This is the supper of the mighty one"
Lord of Lords, King of Kings,
Has returned to lead his children home,
To take them to the new Jerusalem.